

F O R U M

and Century

JULY, 1935



VOL. XCIV, NO. 1

Pulpit and Public

Editorial Foreword

LAST MONTH I was asked to address the Alumni Association of the Union Theological Seminary, in New York City, on the attitude of an editor toward the public. Now readers of THE FORUM have asked me to repeat in an editorial some of the thoughts of that evening with the clergy.

In the last century another medium of exhortation, the press, eclipsed the pulpit as an effective organ of public guidance. In the present century we have seen two new media surpass both the press and the pulpit in their influence: the motion picture and the radio. The motion picture fell into evil ways and became a force for corrupting our youth. Just now it is happily being subjected to a rigorous reform. The radio, though crass and cheapening in many of its abuses, has in general been an educational rather than an undermining influence. But the potential power of the press and the pulpit for leadership has by no means been impaired. The public still looks to the pulpit for the interpretation of those eternal verities which underlie alike old deals and new.

Although we acknowledge the tremendous challenge to the pulpit for guidance in this changing world, most of us, laymen and clergy, agree that the courage of religious teachers at present has fallen to a low estate. The Easter

festival this year provided priests and pastors a dramatic opportunity to speak with the tongues of angels. Yet the exhibit of their sermons in the press on Monday morning was unimpressive. These discourses were generally pleasant historical rhapsodies that touched but lightly on the stark realities of today. They served a gentle purpose, no doubt, and were soothing to the infirm and the aged in the congregations. But the report of pulpit eloquence did not make as glamorous reading as the accounts of the Easter Parade.

COURAGE

YET, INTO whatever relative state of innocuous desuetude the art of preaching may have fallen, not a year passes that some voice of the pulpit does not rise above the clamor and resound over the roof tops of the world. Each renaissance of pulpit eloquence testifies again to the undying power of the teaching of Moses or of Jesus. The sermons of Harry Emerson Fosdick, to mention one name, are constructed with the oratorical eloquence of Cicero, and often become the important news of the day. And this year a preacher of the Roman Catholic Church is swaying multitudes throughout the nation.

Some months ago THE FORUM published an article criticizing this preacher, under the cap-

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tion "Dictator Coughlin — *Fascism Under the Cross*." What was the reaction of our readers? In general, our correspondents protested against the attack on Father Coughlin. In doing so, I believe, they did not so much express their conversion to his particular economic doctrines as their impatience over the faltering leadership of our clergy and their satisfaction that another speaker of the cloth has emerged courageously to take his place with our scientists and our politicians, like the prophets of old, as a vital force in the community.

It is not the sensationalism of Father Coughlin that I deplore. The prophets and St. Paul were sensational. There is room in the pulpits for gesturing as well as for the serene voice of rationalism. But I agree with many Catholic critics of Father Coughlin that, when he embroiders on the simple social justice of the "Quadragesimo Anno," which in turn is a sincere interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, and sets up his own mechanical devices for reforming our monetary system and when he marshals the forces of discontent and of hatred rather than those of love, he is on dangerous and debatable ground.

The first requisite of an effective clergyman is unselfishness; the second is intelligence; and the third and most necessary qualification is fearlessness. Thousands of young parsons today sit in their parishes with their heads crammed with theological facts and doctrines and with a suppressed passion to preach a personal or a social gospel, or both, but inhibited by either their own critical nullification or the fear of a stolid, unimaginative, and unresponsive congregation.

The theological colleges can help to remedy this defeatism by introducing courses which bring the profession of the ministry up to date, courses in the arts, courses in new revelations of truth which have accrued to humanity since the Sermon on the Mount. How many of the two hundred eighty-three courses in theology at the University of Chicago are offered in contemporary application of the second commandment of Jesus?

There are two sciences which affect most vitally the Christian message of today. The backward but important social sciences affect the social message of the Church. The rapidly advancing psychological sciences affect the personal doctrine.

CHANGE

THE CLERGY, before every other group, must be alert to the world of change. The distinctions between our religious groups are breaking down. The public expects new deals, new doctrines, new vocabulary from the pulpit. "Behold I make all things new!"

Alas, our abundance came upon us long before we were mentally and spiritually fit to cope with it. I think it was H. G. Wells who said that humanity sits like a frightened little monkey in a moving automobile, helpless to arrest the mechanism which he has himself set in motion. Thanks to our scientists and inventors mankind is today facing a common destiny, be it good or ill. But, unfortunately, we have not yet achieved any common mental unity and for that we must ceaselessly work and plan. Let us make use of every possible instrument by which peace can be maintained. Let the clergy stand behind all reasonable formulas for the outlawing of war.

OPPORTUNITY

THE GREAT mass of the public today is largely bewildered and apathetic, unwilling to think clearly, to face facts, tragically acquiescent to the specious but tempting doctrines of demagogues. In fashioning a better world the clergy has a glorious opportunity. Thousands of orators of other vocations can proclaim social change. But these usually speak in terms of hatred and class struggle. The ministers of religion, on the other hand — rabbi, priest, pastor — do not know hatred; they do not speak to classes but to individuals. Economic doctrines need not involve either hatred or class struggle when they are based on the second commandment of Jesus.

The clergy has an emphasis and a function separate from all other members of society. By and large it is disinterested; it is consecrated. The teachings of religion, whether social or personal, have been so little tried that when reaffirmed they seem startlingly novel in any age. The doctrine of unselfish love is a dynamic that can heal any error — political, economic, social, personal.

Preach on, valiant teachers of faith! More courage to the pulpit and yet more power!

Henry Goddard Beach

Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

IDEALS VERSUS DOLLAR

To the Editor:

Your courageous editorial ["In Praise of Boon-Doggling," June FORUM] has my hearty approval. But I advise you to build yourself a bombproof cellar and crawl in quickly. When you say that the depression has helped us catch up a little with civilization you're inviting a torrent of high explosives, and I'm willing to bet they won't be slow in coming.

Of course I don't profess to have enjoyed the depression — I don't know anyone who has — and there is, in my opinion, no justification for the terrible mental and physical suffering it has caused to millions. But I can't shut my eyes to the fact that bad times are responsible for a very healthy and much-needed change in the American sense of values.

It's taken some terribly hard knocks to make us realize that life is something more than the frenzied pursuit of the dollar. However, a good many respected members of our big-business and banking community seem to resent the substitution of saner ideals for the materialistic objectives which flourished under their leadership.

So get ready for the attack! And more power to you!

JONAS LIE

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Lie is President of the National Academy of Design. He also appears to be something of a prophet!

THE BOMBARDMENT BEGINS

To the Editor:

. . . I have read the editorial foreword. . . .

The writer of the article says that "Adult education, art, and recreational activities under public relief in New York City have recently received a black eye from an epithet flung

across the newspaper headlines — 'boon-doggling.'" Boon-doggling was not an epithet, but was the description of one of the white-collar projects supported by the taxpayer. It was one of the activities in which unemployed white-collar persons were occupied. It was but one of many such projects, among which were those devoted to rhythmic dancing, cartographing of the Island of Gozo, studies of population trends in the second millennium,

and other things of that kind.

Neither I nor the Aldermanic committee which I represented sought in any way to belittle the value of art, music, and other mental recreations. It did seem, however, to the committee and to me, in view of the admission of the director of the ERB that some \$24,000,000 a year of the people's money was going to chisellers and grafters who were improperly upon the relief rolls by reason of inadequate investigation, that white-collar people might be more usefully employed in investigating those who were grafting upon our relief program than in boon-doggling and other allied activities.

Approximately \$240,000,000 a year is being expended in the City of New York upon the unemployed. This is a figure larger than the



William Sharp in the New York Post

"Aha! Boon-Doggling!"

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entire City budget for the year 1918 and nearly half the amount expended in digging the Panama Canal. Approximately one person out of every five in New York City is supported by the taxpayers. Surely those who pay the bill have the clearest possible right to inquire how their money is spent. . . .

There appear to be those who regard the depression as a life-giving force to every artistic or educational vagary. There are those who seem to hope that the depression will continue. In your article you say: "One compensation for the depression, if economic recovery does not come too soon, will be that we have caught up just a little with civilization." The argument implicit in this sentence appears to be that, if recovery is hastened, civilization will be retarded.

LLOYD PAUL STRYKER

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Stryker is counsel for the Aldermanic Committee for the Investigation of Relief in New York City.

AN EMPHATIC PROTEST

To the Editor:

I have read the editorial foreword in the June issue with great interest.

I must, however, register an emphatic protest against the utter misconception of the problem which this foreword discloses. "Boon-doggling" is not an epithet invented by the Aldermanic Committee investigating relief, its counsel, nor the newspapers. It is a word used by the witness, in charge of this division of relief activities, who claimed that it was an old Western term applied to practical gadgets. This definition was disclaimed even by those most familiar with the history of the Western pioneers. It developed that it was a young Boy Scout's word used to describe articles made by himself. "Boon-doggling" was thereafter popularly applied to the varied wasteful activities which the investigation disclosed.

We make no attack on "boon-doggling" in its narrow sense, if "boon-doggling" is necessary to provide work for those on the relief rolls, but we do attack it as a symbol of what a wasteful social-service cult has foisted on these unfortunate people as a means of occupation at a time when there is so much useful work to be done. Commissioner Hodson cas-

ually admitted that ten per cent of the \$240,000,000 a year which is expended in New York City for relief is stolen by grafters and chiselers. (Commissioner Corsi and other witnesses placed this percentage as high as 15 or 20 per cent.) Mr. Hodson further stated that if the relief administration had 3,000 more investigators this waste and theft could be eliminated.

It was then established that there are approximately 26,000 people on the relief rolls with high-school, college, or university education, who could be trained as investigators, were it not for the rule that a social-service-training background is required. I will admit that there is a place in charitable work for social-service workers but I cannot tolerate the idea of these workers attempting to handle the victims of this widespread depression in the manner of the underprivileged case of normal times and I further cannot tolerate the idea of them so framing the rules surrounding relief that the social-service workers are becoming a self-perpetuating bureaucracy. It cannot be denied that many of the white-collar classes now on relief with very brief training can be made supervisors and investigators administering relief. Why should they in the meantime, in order to occupy their minds, be forced to resort to such wasteful activities as making a survey of the real-estate condition of New York City at a cost of over \$2,500,000, when that same material is already in existence and in possession of the City's Tax Department, where it can be consulted by any taxpayer? . . .

JOSEPH E. KINSLEY

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Kinsley is Vice-Chairman of the Aldermanic Committee for the Investigation of Relief in New York City.

THE WHO SAID IT? CONTEST

The Editor takes pleasure in announcing the following awards for May: 1st Prize, \$50, to Arthur Blessing, of the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.; 2nd Prizes, \$10 each, to Miss Sarab E. Large, 305 E. 7th St., Little Rock, Ark., and Mrs. Louise J. Potter, 414 W. 121st St., New York City.

(More letters from readers on page VI.)



Where Is Young Germany Heading?

by **VYVYAN ADAMS** and **JOCHEN BENEMANN**

EDITOR'S NOTE: — It is tragically evident that all efforts to maintain peace will fail unless good will and sympathetic understanding can be substituted for the hate, fear, and bigotry which have made our world into an armed camp. The following dialogue between a member of the British House of Commons (Mr. Adams) and a leader of the German youth movement (Herr Benemann) was broadcast recently in England. It presents in a singularly effective way both the British and the German points of view on some particularly thorny international problems. Because of its importance, it is reproduced here for the benefit of FORUM readers, by courtesy of the British Broadcasting Company.

ADAMS: I WELCOME this chance of finding out what German youth is thinking. I need hardly tell you, however, that many people in England are frankly puzzled by the contradictions of Germany's attitude. Hitler reiterates his desire for peace, yet Germany is rearming. This is a situation which not only puzzles people but frightens and angers them. I shall welcome firsthand evidence from you.

BENEMANN: I welcome this chance of talking to you and I hope I shall lessen your alarm.

ADAMS: You were telling me that you are over in England organizing an Anglo-German camp at Bryanston. How did you leave them all there?

BENEMANN: Oh, quite happy.

ADAMS: How many people have you got together down there?

BENEMANN: There are thirty Germans and thirty English.

ADAMS: What are they — students? You've got some unemployed workers, too, haven't you?

BENEMANN: Yes, we've got about half and half — students and workers — and a few schoolboys.

ADAMS: Tell me, what's your idea in holding these camps? What are you trying to do?

BENEMANN: Well, first of all we want young fellows of all classes — and of our two countries — to meet and find out about each other.

ADAMS: And find out what the other fellow thinks? That's splendid. Well, I expect many of the English have been asking you Germans some rather thorny questions. I'd like to know some of the answers myself. I suppose you sit up discussing far into the night.

BENEMANN: Yes. Nearly every afternoon and evening after our practical work is over, we get together and either listen to a lecture or else discuss things among ourselves — present-day questions.

ADAMS: You mean political questions?

BENEMANN: We don't avoid political issues but we try to cover the whole field of cultural and economic relationships between our two countries.

ADAMS: I should think the discussions must

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be pretty hot sometimes — if you really *do* discuss, for instance, Nazi Germany. Do you find our fellows understand your point of view?

BENEMANN: I don't quite know what you consider to be "our point of view."

ADAMS: I mean the ideals of Nazi Germany — the things the Hitler youth is thinking and working for.

BENEMANN: I'll say quite frankly that it's not easy for you to understand us and our point of view but I think these camps are a contribution toward an understanding.

ADAMS: Oh, that may be — I cordially hope so. But understanding means free discussion — it must mean, surely, exploring the subject right down to its depths and not being afraid of any problem.

BENEMANN: I don't think you will find that any Germans are afraid to make clear our point of view. We want other nations to understand us. But if you hope to understand us you mustn't use an English yardstick. Don't judge us by your standards. If you do, you won't get near an understanding.

ADAMS: All right. I'll do what I can. But I should have thought that there were certain standards that were general and universal. I should have thought that civilized young men and women all over the world wanted freedom — freedom to develop their capacities each in his own special way, freedom to investigate, without influence from authority.

BENEMANN: We first of all want to feel that our individuality is being used for the good of our community as a whole. More than anything else we want the feeling of pulling together, of unity.

ADAMS: But that feeling for unity is simply an emotion: it is being used emotionally and not rationally, in Germany today.

BENEMANN: That's just what I sometimes feel about English freedom — it is very often simply emotion.

ADAMS: Anyway, I wish you'd tell us what you feel unites you.

BENEMANN: I think it is our German fate as a nation. We have never before faced our fate all together. Never until now have we recognized the importance of that fate. The brown shirt is used as a symbol of unity under the fate of our people.

ADAMS: I don't understand. What do you mean by your "German fate as a nation"?

That's a phrase which I'm sure you must have found English people have failed to understand. It's an idea which is foreign to us.

BENEMANN: It's something very concrete, really. We have a special word for it — *Volkschicksal*. Our fate lies in the fact that we have been in the center of Europe. Our country has been the cockpit of many wars and the field upon which crosscurrents of political, cultural, and religious difficulties have been fought out.

ADAMS: Then the fate you talk about is the historical past that you want to live down.

BENEMANN: Not live down — we want to



evolve from our difficult and disunited past. We want to overcome this historical situation and work out new ideas which will forever symbolize this German unity.

ADAMS: Yes. But what are you going to do with your unity when you've got it? You say you're all pulling in the same direction; but in what direction?

BENEMANN: The progress we look forward to is one in which all forces work together for a common purpose. Every single German is somehow concerned with this national regeneration. No single German is left outside. Our ideals will never be realized if any single German is left out of our scheme for national regeneration. The people who a few years ago pulled in a hundred different directions now show a co-operative spirit toward each other.

ADAMS: Just a minute. I think I can remember a very friendly spirit between those German youths one used to see ten years ago walking about with open shirts and playing mandolins. They were a very friendly lot. Are you going to suggest that they were pulling in so many different directions that their influence

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was of no value and that they contributed nothing which made for an understanding of the German people?

BENEMANN: I don't deny the contribution they made up to 1932. But things are different now. The German youth movement immediately after the War tried to forget what had happened. Those young people were looking for new ideals on the lines of back-to-Nature open-air movements, physical culture, and so on.

ADAMS: Yes. We had them in England, too.

BENEMANN: Quite, and all their energy was dissipated in too great a variety of ideals. The development of Germany in the last fourteen years has forced us back to a more concrete and fruitful form of activity. What you call variety was, in Germany, merely chaos. We certainly get more work done, now we're all pulling the same way.

ADAMS: Well, I for one regret those pleasant German youths and maidens. To a foreigner, they made Germany seem a pleasant, friendly place.

BENEMANN: Yes. But times are now too serious for mere pleasantries. Germany has her back to the wall, and the only thing that's going to save us is unity. It's a great thing for a man from North Friesland to know that all his comrades far down at the Austrian or Swiss frontier wear the same shirt, that they are all thinking and longing in the same direction, while only three years ago the people were torn with hatred.

ADAMS: Quite. But does the fact that all German youth organizations now wear the same uniform necessarily mean that they all feel the same things?

BENEMANN: No. Certainly not. Human beings themselves are not all the same. We fought for our unity for fourteen years and we're proud of it. Don't forget that the brown shirt makes high and low equal in class.

ADAMS: So boys of all classes really mix together in the Hitler youth movement? You are really bent on removing social distinctions?

BENEMANN: Yes; we have done so, and I think I may say that that was our first aim and that we have already attained it. Every young German boy and girl can be a member of our Hitler Youth — we have already six million members and we are therefore the biggest youth organization in the world.

ADAMS: Is it compulsory?

BENEMANN: No, it is not — it is voluntary.

ADAMS: Sounds rather like our O.T.C.

BENEMANN: Yes, like your O.T.C. or Boy Scouts; but I should say our movement was more popular.

ADAMS: That might well be. I'd like to know how you manage it. Do German children *like* training for war more than the English?

BENEMANN: We are fully occupied in training our members for something very different from war.

ADAMS: It's not easy to convince us about that. There are facts to contradict it. You don't deny that military training takes place.

BENEMANN: Of course I don't deny the existence of military training. But military training, as we use it in Germany, forms character and makes many of our young people forget their intellectual problems — students and so on.

ADAMS: Well, there must be a difference of national character there. My experience in England is that there's never any difficulty in making people forget intellectual problems — some of us don't worry about them enough.

BENEMANN: There indeed we differ, because in Germany we like to dig ourselves into intellectual problems as deeply as we can. It's a great weakness. To counteract that weakness we have designed this physical training — military training, as you call it. Our training may be military, but it's certainly not militaristic. We try to give our youths a spirit of physical and mental readiness. First of all for the social tasks with which they will be faced



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and then for the Volkstumsarbeit — there's no English word for it. We must make every young German face the real condition of his country. He must be made to realize that he can no longer put selfish little personal interests before the big cultural, moral, and political interests of the nation.

ADAMS: You say there's no English word for it, but the idea is familiar in history; and its growth today — and not in Germany alone — is a grave menace to civilization. It's a conception which has been one of the main causes of war. It's nothing more nor less than nation worship. It's a kind of idolatry — an idolatry which demands the suppression of human personality and the sacrifice of the individual. It's a prostitution of the spirit of mankind.

BENEMANN: You obviously don't know the spirit which is abroad in Germany or you wouldn't suggest that German youth is being sacrificed.

ADAMS: Oh, I dare say individuals are sincere and loyal enough in their devotion, but they are being deceived and exploited in the interests of those who are neither self-sacrificing nor sincere.

Tell me, are you not determined to get back everything you lost under the Treaty?

BENEMANN: We were scandalously humbled under that treaty, and the first thing we had to get back was our honor. Our Leader has pointed that out again and again. Our honor and equality of rights.

ADAMS: The impression that's been created here by your conscription order is not one of the pacific intentions of Germany. To us it looks like preparation for war. I ask you a direct question. Do you think that German honor requires war for its vindication?

BENEMANN: That vindication is an affair of European diplomacy. We stand to gain nothing by war. The young in Germany want peace, not war.

ADAMS: That's interesting. It's not supported by the declarations of some of your leaders.

Well now — one of your slogans is "Through Socialism to the Nation." Will you explain what you mean by that?

BENEMANN: Yes. Our movement in Germany is based on the German worker, a point which has never been understood in this country, I think.

ADAMS: You mean that it is really a socialist movement?

BENEMANN: Yes. Particularly in our youth organizations. The basis of our movement is its working-class membership.

ADAMS: In England, you know, we can't forget the thirtieth of June. To us it has seemed one of the most savage dates in modern history. Many people thought that the thirtieth of June was the final defeat of any socialistic elements which may have existed in the National Socialist Party.

BENEMANN: The thirtieth of June had nothing to do with socialism in Germany.

ADAMS: All right. Nonetheless, you can't expect foreigners to have much confidence in your international behavior if you can do that sort of thing to one another.

But I won't embarrass you any further. Let me turn to something which should be at the heart of our discussion. This thing called the "leadership principle" in Germany. We are frankly puzzled about it, because it looks to us as if people in Germany were taught to obey

and not to lead.

BENEMANN: Yes, I'd like to discuss that very much. The principle of leadership in Germany is based on personal confidence between leaders and followers. Perhaps that sounds stiff, translated into English terms. It's this sense of comradeship between leaders and followers that's the important thing. Followers are in such close contact with their leaders that they are taught to know something of the difficulties and discipline of leadership. You get this personal touch from Hitler right down to the last Wolf Cub in a Bavarian village.

ADAMS: I know what you mean, but that's not our difficulty. We think that if you are going to get leaders you must leave people free to think for themselves, decide for themselves, act for themselves. You must make them independent. If you spend your time inculcating obedi-



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ence, you'll never get leadership. I thought your youth movement in Germany was a kind of reservoir from which leaders of the future could be drawn. It's an educational movement, isn't it?

BENEMANN: Yes.

ADAMS: An educational movement in which future leaders are told exactly what to do and what to think on all occasions must produce subjects and not rulers.

BENEMANN: The young people who make up our movement are absolutely responsible for what they do. That responsibility develops personalities, and so we educate a whole generation of personalities. In your country the young talk about their individualism and freedom, while no one has half as much chance of any real action as our chaps have over there.

ADAMS: To me that seems a crowning example of what mass mental suggestion can do. We see the matter from an entirely opposite point of view. We see your German youth thinking, behaving, even worshiping according to order.

BENEMANN: At any rate, your individualism looks to me like anarchy. In the old days we had committees which, when they had brought about a terrible mess, simply resigned, and nobody was responsible.

ADAMS: But, Benemann, that happens to be one of the safeguards which democracy provides for peaceful change. If the elected representatives of England don't satisfy the electors, the electors quietly remove them through the ballot box. Your ruthlessness about the ballot box is abhorrent to us. But suppose one of these responsible young leaders — or followers — disagrees on principle with something he is told to do.

BENEMANN: There is a good deal of disagreement in matters of detail. There's unity in broad outlines — all our members are inspired by the same great principles — and in matters of detail there's plenty of criticism. Criticism often goes up and up to the top, and, if it's well founded, alterations are made.

ADAMS: I'm afraid I'm very skeptical about that. It's contrary to everything we know about your methods. Suppose the people at the top are wrong — how then?

BENEMANN: Opposition is allowed on principle. You seem to think our system is watertight and inelastic. It's not so. If someone within our ranks disagrees with some matter of policy and announces his disagreement in a loyal way, he will always be considered and even encouraged.

ADAMS: "Announces his disagreement in a loyal way" — whatever do you mean by that?

BENEMANN: I mean this. There are certain great principles upon which we are all agreed. They remain unchallenged. There are other matters of detail — concerning the way in which these great principles should be carried out. Here is room enough for criticism. There would be stagnation without it.

ADAMS: Well, we shouldn't call that a line of opposition in England. That kind of opposition won't lead anywhere.

But, tell me, is it the same in the universities? I want to know from you about freedom of thought amongst students. Surely it is to *them* that Germany should give a chance of thinking things out from the bottom, ruthlessly criticizing in principle, hearing all points of view. That is something which we in England think really important to do, if one wants to produce leaders. You may think that's a stupid democratic idea. You have suppressed associations and societies of many kinds — for example, your League of Nations Union.

BENEMANN: We had fifteen years of too many groups in our universities and we are quite glad to have got rid of them now.

ADAMS: I do not ask you if you are glad to get rid of them. Was it *good* to get rid of them?

BENEMANN: Certainly. It enables us to get some work done. Before, with opposition on all sides, each Government needed three fourths of its time, effort, and money to keep in power.

ADAMS: Well, I'm afraid all that sounds appalling to many people in England. What you say must make co-operation between young English people and young Germans very difficult. It looks as though we really do start from fundamentally different viewpoints. We believe that really fruitful co-operation can be based only on open and free discussion and the ventilation of all difficulties.

BENEMANN: I shall never make you under-



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stand. Discussions *do* take place in Germany, but they are discussions with an aim and an ending. So many of your discussions ring in the empty air. All of ours are directed toward some specific purpose.

ADAMS: You feel our present conversation is waste of time?

BENEMANN: Personally, I shouldn't feel it a waste of time if I thought I could make you understand our point of view.

ADAMS: Tell me this. You are prepared, are you not, to accept differences between nations but not between the peoples in a nation?

BENEMANN: This is the point you haven't grasped — you in England want one thing; we in Germany want another. Your island position, your Empire, your history and social customs, your culture, all those are quite different from ours. We have another history, another geography, another fate. But we are both responsible for the future of Europe.

ADAMS: That's just what I was going to say. What are you going to *do* about it? That's the important thing. The peace of Europe is in the balance. I want to know what German youth thinks about Geneva. Do you really want to go back to Geneva?

BENEMANN: Only under conditions of real equality. We want an equal partnership with all the nations which make up the world.

ADAMS: Are you telling me that German youth is prepared to return to Geneva?

BENEMANN: Yes, under conditions of real equality.

ADAMS: Well, then, tell me this. How does German youth think it's going to influence the powers that be? Look at your latest pronouncements. It doesn't seem that your statesmen want to return to Geneva.

BENEMANN: German youth follows Hitler. They know that what he thinks is best. They trust his guiding hand. They realize that he is selecting from among all the influences at work in Germany the best and the one most likely to lead to Germany's welfare.

ADAMS: It's this trusting obedience which alarms me. Trusting, following, obeying. . . . I tell you, Benemann, there are many people in England who regard as pernicious a system which produces that automatic reaction. Discipline and the elimination of free thought must in time produce a race of robots. A great nation like Germany should have free citizens.

BENEMANN: We are freer than you, did you but know it. We are freeing the young German worker from the cinema and pub atmosphere.

ADAMS: I'm sorry there's not time to talk about your labor camps.

BENEMANN: So am I, because labor camps in Germany are regarded as the most fundamental basis for developing our new spirit.

ADAMS: Well, here, some people are rather suspicious of them. They are afraid they may mean compelling unemployed men and women to do hard work for no pay.

BENEMANN: Considering that we had four million more unemployed than this country has ever seen, it seemed to us that our most urgent need was to get our unemployed off the streets in any way we could. I think we chose a good way.

ADAMS: Students have to go to labor camps too, don't they, before starting university careers?

BENEMANN: Yes, it is compulsory for students. Unbroken theoretical routine is bad for mind and body.

ADAMS: We are afraid your government is using student camps — I'm sorry to say the same thing over again — in order to instill uniformity and obedience.

BENEMANN: You can't get that word out of your head.

ADAMS: Well, you see, everything you say makes me feel that, from early youth upwards, you are inculcating a spirit of strict discipline and obedience. It seems sinister and dangerous to me. I'll tell you frankly that many of your institutions seem to us like camouflage for militarism.

BENEMANN: That is not true. Our labor camps are doing creative work — land drainage and so on. They are playing their part in the building up of a new Germany.

ADAMS: I know your great schemes. Tell us about them.

BENEMANN: We must get a healthy, fit people. That problem can be attacked in various ways. There are our great housing schemes, for example, and then the great efforts which are being made under our new sterilization laws, which have been designed very carefully and scientifically to remove the poor elements from our population and build up a fine and healthy race.

ADAMS: Well, many of us approve of sterili-

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zation within well-defined limits. But it must be voluntary and not compulsory.

BENEMANN: And then there's the reconstruction of German law. German law is now carried out on principles of social justice. And then there are our new German trade unions — reconstructed on quite a different principle — the union between employer and employed.

ADAMS: Yes. English trade unionists can quite believe that.

BENEMANN: They represent a new kind of socialism in Germany today, with new loyalties and new traditions. And then the great changes which have been brought about in our system of land tenure. Our Leader has recognized the importance of stabilizing old German culture. Let me tell you this. In all these things, cultural consideration comes first. They are worked into an economic system. The economic system is made to fit the cultural and social values which we wish to emphasize and exalt. That's where the difference from Russia comes in. In Russia, economic considerations come first. I'm quite sure that our German way is the right one.

ADAMS: Well, Benemann, I have listened — I hope not impatiently — to your aspirations. You have put your case as attractively as possible, with an understanding of the English and knowledge of our affairs, but you have not convinced me that German youth is making a

contribution to the peace of the world, and that's what I'm interested in. You say a strong and united Germany is necessary to sustain the peace of Europe. I don't believe that German good will is signified by rearmament and the suppression of free thought. Nor have you convinced me that your youth organizations do not inculcate the military spirit. That's why I welcome this conversation of ours. We must know what your point of view really is.

BENEMANN: I agree entirely. That is the idea of our camps. We must not only know each other's views but also discover their origin. If the English really claim to hold the secret of freedom, they will be anxious to wash away injustices and redeem unkept promises. That is the cause of our bitterness. If you only knew what a friendly feeling there is in Germany at the present time for England and English people, you wouldn't say what you do.

ADAMS: My dear Benemann, I don't deny personal friendliness. I have for you a sincere feeling of friendship, and many people of England are still well disposed to the people of Germany. But we've got to face the vital differences in our outlooks.

But time's already up. Will you come back to the House of Commons with me and listen to the Englishman deciding whether or not he will confer upon India the disputed benefits of democracy?

So I'm Getting a Divorce

by NANCY COTTON

AFTER A BARE ten years of apparently harmonious connubial give and take, I am getting a divorce. It is like lifting some vital part out of me and placing it, a reluctant sacrifice, on the altar of motherhood.

I love my husband unreasonably. He is a splendid animal. His nearness stirs my senses; his desires continually deflect the nudge of my

judgment. My children I love happily, devotedly.

These two loyalties, I find, conflict, pull me in opposite directions. My heart follows my husband, but my thoughts stay with my children, planning the steps and the disciplines by which they may become splendid human beings, not animals.

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I realize that my active concern in the matter is tardy. If I were raising potatoes instead of children, I should be careful in my choice of seed, should look to the quality and lay of the land. I shouldn't trust to luck. Even in the matter of weather I should petition the Lord.

In choosing a husband, however, a prospective father of my progeny, if any, I play an emotional blindman's buff, with love dazzling my eyes, instinct directing my feet, and only the feel of the man to help me name him.

If I still dared be guided by feeling alone, I would stand by my choice. My husband holds my heart, undisciplined organ that it is. I neither admire nor respect him but I love him. There's no sense in it, but there's plenty of ecstasy.

His charm lies in his magnetic power, his gay, contagious vitality, his airy changefulness — and heaven help the rooted, the plodders! I, it happens, seem born to plod, not dully, I trust, but with steady industry to work my way through uninspired daily routine to the satisfaction of having done my duty.

Duty my husband scorns. His own personal pleasure is the sun about which his life rotates, and to my chagrin I find myself gradually veering toward its warmth and brightness.

I offer no defense. If I had known his home life before I married him, it would probably have made no difference. He is the proverbial only child, the hub of his universe, the light of the corner where he is. His parents served him with slavish affection, and he let them, took the chair they vacated for him, the choice cuts of food, sat while they waited upon him.

"How *can* you?" I asked at first, incredulous. To which he replied: "It pleases them" — not his reason but his excuse.

Watching their faces brighten under his casual attention, I had to admit its truth but not his justification. And yet now the adulation goes on in my own household, though I had vowed never to set up a shrine to his ego here.

It's such a vital ego, he's so "full of himself," so gloriously sure of himself. To be near him is to know a sharp quickening, like old wine, stirring the heart. I have seen a whole roomful of people react to it. Who am I to resist?

The only gesture of disapproval I've ever achieved when he bellwethered the flock to what seemed to me the ultimate of indiscretion

has been a silent withdrawal. That best wasn't much. My place was promptly and blithely filled.

But that, I know, is my road to salvation. I've tried all the others that were open to me as his wife, but each one of them in turn presented a new kind of menace to our well-being as a family.

II

AS A WIFE, I've had a foretaste of the loneliness of the lone road; as the mother of his children I've known its unalloyed blessings. When night comes and the babies are snug in bed, if I've turned a deaf ear to the call of carnival and made myself find cheer in mothering my flock, I may regret having missed a brief convivial thrill but within me I am conscious of a deeper, steadier happiness. It's my treasure in heaven and is no far-off, mythical goal that I'll reach some day if I'm good. It's a very present state of contentment, right here and now.

The realization didn't flash, full flood, like a tropical sunrise. It was a slow dawning, banked in clouds of despair that at first no ray could pierce but whose slow dispersion made the final reality all the more lovely.

My infants, three of them, hurrying into our home with humiliating speed and regularity, were, as advertised, my awakening but not the happy one sentimentalists would have us look forward to. Not that in themselves my babies weren't all one could ask; but my joy of motherhood had to be tempered by the necessary curtailing of some of my wifely services. I couldn't both eat my cake and have it.

What affection my husband could spare for his increasingly disconcerting family seemed to exhaust itself on the first child. She was a fine, normal baby with a will of her own and wide, disarming blue eyes that challenged male interest from cradle days. He saw in her, I think, the female prototype of his own virile self, and I don't know but that he was right.

The second little baby was frail. His wizened face on the pillow, his tiny, claw-like hands had no power to stir a father's pride. Love alone would pull him through. I wrapped my love about him, watching with fearful hope as life slowly brightened in his deep, questing eyes.

His care absorbed me. Guarding the pitiful sight of him from critical gaze, I could find my-

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self glad of his father's disinterest. Nature's law that only the fit survive finds no echo in a mother's heart. She cherishes most the one that asks most care.

By the time the third baby, a sturdy boy, galloped along, infants had become mere incidents in their father's many-sided life. His affairs, business and otherwise, occupied him. Asked unexpectedly the names and ages of his children, I'm sure it would have required a distinct effort for him to focus his mind on so remote a consideration.

They engrossed me, of necessity. Three of them, the oldest only three and a half years! And our income such as to afford only occasional help. Whatever my husband had expected of marriage, it obviously wasn't this. He managed to be away a great deal.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
48340 I used to bundle my three small charges into their commodious English pram and haunt the streets and parks to keep in mind the fact that there's always the sun shining some place, and there's wind in the trees and happiness, if one gets the right slant on these eternal verities. Whatever the extent of man's inhumanity to man, the pain of it cannot last forever; if life at times seems more — or less — than one cares to go on with, the fault isn't so much with life as with one's own scale of values. I'd look hopefully into the sweet faces of my children and at the joy around me and decide to have my scales readjusted.

III

BIG BUSINESS, of whatever gender, has a way of letting up on a man occasionally. Husbands, the most erring, have a way of returning to the bosoms of their families. I don't know why. To have their egos reinflated, perhaps, with the free air of a wife's phoenix-born adoration. Or it may be that the vague suspicion has penetrated their self-absorption that the rainbow of happiness starts in their own back yards. They turn their searching eyes for a chance rearward look. They don't want to miss anything.

It was the death of my little boy that my husband happened in upon. The feeble body that I'd wrapped with devotion, praying he'd draw from it a will to live, found the effort beyond his small strength. He gave it up with a sigh, a smile of regret on his sweet lips. Who was I to bid him stay? Life is no bed of roses.

Or is it? Is it by means of its thorns that its beauty is made possible?

But I couldn't philosophize about it then. I was too numb with misery.

The diversion of my husband's return to the fold was providential. His mere physical presence raised my morale, though there was little of common interest between us.

I had been a romantic soul. I had believed that love is a beautiful experience that comes but once in a lifetime and then comes to stay. Almost any young girl secretly believes that.

I would know it, I was sure, when it came my way. So I had held myself clear of casual affairs, with their brief flutter that youth so often mistakes for love.

An idealist, I had fed, no doubt, on too soft a reading diet. I had saved myself for the ONE MAN, who would be proud that his girl had been fastidious. My plumed knight — though the only plume I asked was constancy. That, I held, would insure the rest of the marital virtues. Oh well. . . .

As I have said, after a period of domestic instability my husband returned. I don't know why nor why he was only casually my husband for a time. Questions brought only evasions.

Our children were getting older. We sought a better neighborhood for them, in which they should choose their friends. Offspring offer a fine excuse for adult ambition.

We packed up our lares, few but excellent, picked the scale of living to which we hoped to become accustomed, mortgaged our future, and started the epochal struggle to keep up with the Joneses.

IV

THE CHANGE was a god-send. It lifted my mind from the loss of my boy to such tangible blessings as bright new curtains and softly shining floors that gave back the sun. And it ensured nights of dreamless sleep.

There's a certain challenge to rough going. It keeps one



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jolted awake. A wallop here and there is never so deadly as monotony. Life has been generous with me in this. My troubles have held the stimulus of variety. There was variety in having my husband bend his efforts with mine — but that was no trouble; it was a grand fight.

Getting to where the Joneses would notice we were keeping up with them. It had its points. It held my husband's nose to the grindstone for the next few years and kept him from noticing how very attractive that Jones woman was. Various women Jones.

But the race has been run. Neck and neck now with our exclusive neighbors, we are *in*, we definitely *belong*. Sitting in the lap of luxury, with tiled baths and two cars, I have time to look about me and take stock. What is at the end of the gay, easy way? What for me? What for my children?

My husband, I know in my heart, is satisfied to take each day as it comes, to squeeze it dry of thrills and toss it in the discard of other fruitless days. I can't hold time that cheaply. I don't want my children to acquire the habit. I would have us demand profit for hours spent, interest on the investment.

It's the destiny of plodders. Never should we mate with spendthrifts and hope for happiness. Cherry trees and the wind. I and my kind find contentment in our fate to sit in neat rows and grow primly, flowering in season and bearing fruit that's a credit and will propagate our kind. The wind that spreads itself gloriously and flutters our leaves is not for us. It may have its place in the cosmic scheme but not in a cherry orchard.

"Take this trip with me," my husband invites. "I don't like traveling alone." He's a salesman of the super type. He has worked up to the head of his territory. I often go with him but when away I'm torn, mutely, between the call of freedom his gay spirit breathes over me and the care of my children during my absence.

"Let them shift for themselves, learn self-reliance. That's how I got my start." He's not patient with opposition.

"I do," I insist. "But I like to keep an eye on the shift. Today's their riding lesson. They're wild to get their ponies into traffic."

He doesn't like me too well for resisting, I can see. "Well, don't flatter yourself I'll be lonely long," he warns. "There's many a gal —"

Don't I know it? Oh, don't I! Inconstancy

is the boast of his debonair kind. Is it their declaration of independence, I wonder? The revolt of the dominant male against his need for a mate? He fancies, no doubt, that his many-sided nature is deserving of varied satisfactions.

Whatever this instability may add to my husband's standing among men and among free women, it detracts materially from his domestic rating. Though my spirit lifts to his presence, I dare not let my thoughts go with him when he's away.

The miracle of true mating, whether of body or spirit, should contrive dual functioning. The right man for me, though absent, could lend flavor to three uninspired daily meals, could drape the domestic treadmill with glamour. In aspiring to mean all this to some man, am I reckoning without the male organism? Must a wife seek felicity in spite of, rather than through, her husband?

My chance at it is gone, my choice made too soon. I must scrimp the generous pattern of my hopes to fit my material, trim down a virtue here, cut off that preference. After all, I myself contrived the pattern and I may be wrong. But give me peace, and I'll not look too closely into how it's made.

V

PEACE DEMANDS that I close my mind as my husband closes the door on his departure. To keep rational, I drive myself, paradoxically, to irrational extremes. I borrow from my absent lord's bag of tricks and snatch the moment. But first I tuck my children into bed.

The moment may be a poker party for higher stakes than I can afford. It may be some other woman's husband in a game I care nothing for, aside from its excitement. In either case my indiscretion has a mild though adequate alcoholic base.

I'm not proud to admit this. I don't hide behind the excuse that up to now no harm has resulted. The philandering habit sends out sturdy roots. As does intemperance. Like my small son, whose father is starting early to teach him to carry his liquor manfully, I shiver at the taste of light love-making but I have been hoping in time to take it with my husband's grace.

But a cherry tree makes a sad wanton. An affair I might start to fill an evening of loneli-

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ness, because my children are in bed and God knows where my husband has been for the past week, could easily end in my bribing the offspring to early sleep and praying the Lord to keep Father where he is.

I don't want to drift into that but I know my limitations. I haven't wanted to become the sort I am today. It's a far cry from the chaste maiden who had saved herself for a worthy lover, that he might be proud his woman hadn't been common. A far cry from the young enthusiast who kept to the straight path that she might teach baby feet to walk there.

At twenty I knew the way to go. At thirty I'm not so sure. At twenty I'd have said without compromise, "Keep your chin up and push ahead. However life batters you, don't lose sight of the goal." At thirty I find myself dodging a bit, side-stepping on occasion to avoid being hurt, sacrificing right to expediency.

My eyes have lost their far vision and are intent on the roughness of the immediate way. The glory of the struggle is lost in the smarting of my feet. I'm tired — worn with constant slippings, bereft of the stimulus of a single, clear aim, torn two ways by desire to be a true mate, a good mother.

Because I've lost faith in my husband, I've lost interest in keeping faith with myself. At twenty I'd have recognized lies when I heard them and cast them back in the liar's teeth. At thirty I find myself holding the false comfort of them against my chilling heart.

VI

MY ONLY WAY back to peace of mind and to right living lies, I'm convinced, outside my husband's influence. His absence, unheralded, continues unexplained. The assumption that it's purely business will go, as always, unchallenged. Soon he'll return, bearing gifts of the Greeks, his story spilling from glib lips. He's missed me, he'll say; I must leave the children and enjoy the next trip with him.

The past week, two little boys in our neighborhood were playing ball in their front yard. Their mother was away on an errand. The ball slipped through a small hand, rolled into the street. A speeding car raced over it, over the excited lad who'd followed it there. . . . A thousand arguments will never convince that distracted mother that her presence could have made no difference.

I won't be home when my husband comes to tempt me. A doctor has just confirmed suspicions I've held concerning a cough that's attached itself to me. A year away from worry, he says, a year of quiet, of good meals and regular rest, of high, pure air will make a new woman of me. He little knows how I need to be made over. I'm old enough, he says, to get control of this germ that's fastened upon me and I'm young enough to have many years of health ahead.

My mother will take my children for a year. Now that I can indulge the luxury of honesty, I know my husband will be glad to be free of them.

He won't even be grieved beyond solace when he learns I'm not coming back to him. He'll make a gesture or two. He'll come, fittingly dressed and subdued, to see me. He'll be lightly cajoling — skeptical. He'll wear a becoming regret. He'll rather enjoy the flourish of certain financial arrangements. No one can say he hasn't done handsomely by the old girl. But he'll forget the children and their future.

When I'm physically stronger, I'll find peace in right living. My thoughts, with my body, will become healthy. I mean to keep them that way.

So I'm getting a divorce. My friends will be amazed, so mute has been my concession to the fetish of appearances. But not so amazed as my husband, finally. He won't think it possible that any woman can give up the pleasure of his presence and he'll never know from me the price I'll pay. But amazement will be his deepest emotion. Some there are, passion carriers, who can stir profound feeling but are themselves immune to it.

I'll buy a little home somewhere in a small town near a creek and some woods. We'll have a pocket handkerchief of a garden. We three, my children and I, will get back to Nature. I'll regain my youth, draw strength and contentment from the simple things of life. I'll plod along my unspectacular way and be happy, because I'll be at peace.

If I have health and a serene mind, surely I can do a better job of mothering my pair. Isn't that my first duty? To devote myself to the ones who need me and will profit by my care? Isn't it the right thing for me to do? God knows, it is so desperately hard it must be right.

The World Grows Warmer

Weather Is Not a Constant

by EARL CHAPIN

THERE IS nothing in the world so much talked of and so little understood as the weather. For countless centuries man has stood powerless before the cryptic forces which bring inundations, droughts, or fair weather as they will; and even now, in the age of triumph of science over natural forces, the causes of weather are only partly understood, while means to control it are just in their inception.

More than ever before, during the past decade, popular attention has been drawn to the weather, for not in many centuries have weather conditions been so unprecedented and unpredictable as in recent years. What is the cause of this? Is our weather actually changing?

It is not a question prompted by idle curiosity. For the answer, if an answer may be given, is of a decidedly serious economic import, an import much greater, perhaps, than we generally have realized, though already its significance has been forcefully set forth in widespread crop failure arising from the failure of "normal" conditions to prevail over favored crop-producing areas.

For such a long time have general weather conditions deviated from "normal" that the anxious question now arises: can the last decade be termed a long-period fluctuation, or is the norm itself changing? Will the grain regions of the Central United States and of Southern Russia continue to be parched and sun-baked, or may we hope, shortly, for a return of the more temperate and rainy seasons?

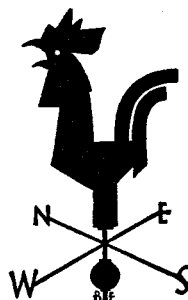
A voluminous literature supplying testimony for our purpose where we touch upon geology, history, and geography is at our disposal. However, it is evidence incomplete and sometimes contradictory. As for matter which treats of our subject directly — studies and conclu-

sions based on reliable meteorological records — with this we are not so bountifully supplied. But the information we do have, based upon indisputable scientific observations, at least gives testimony which, in and of itself, is beyond controversy. As we go over the evidence available, though much of it leads down blind alleys or turns upon itself, there gradually emerges the fact that, by and large, certain definite elements are taking shape, definite trends may be traced in the pages of the past.

The possibility of changing climate in the United States has received very little publicity. Lack of sufficient data has something to do with this; but of far greater influence is the fact that the idea of *status quo* in weather is so deeply imbedded in man's mind that it is almost impossible for him to conceive of a changing climate. It's like our feeling about the earth — until an earthquake comes.

GOOD-BY BLIZZARDS

THE SMITHSONIAN report of 1934 caused no meteorological quake. But at least it broke into print, and that's something. For, last summer, newspapers throughout the United States carried a feature under the headline "UNITED STATES BECOMING WARMER." Beneath the introductory script were mean temperatures from representative cities over the entire nation. This list, extracted from the current *World Weather Records*, a compilation produced by the Smithsonian Institution, was a comparison between the mean temperatures of the years grouped 1921 to 1930, inclusive, and the mean of previous records. Throughout the whole of the United States an increase in mean temperatures was noted. Some of the representative examples are here listed:



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	Years observed	Mean temp. for period since records kept	Mean for 1921-30	Increase
Charleston, S. C.	100	65.4 F.	65.9 F.	0.5 F.
Chicago, Ill.	50	50.2	50.7	0.5
El Paso, Tex.	44	63.2	63.8	0.6
Helena, Mont.	53	43.6	44.2	0.6
Little Rock, Ark.	43	61.7	62.4	0.7
Omaha, Neb.	50	50.5	51.8	1.3
Portland, Ore.	50	52.5	53.4	0.9
San Diego, Calif.	80	60.6	61.5	0.9
Washington, D. C.	100	54.8	55.8	1.0

The differences, admittedly, are nothing to startle the world. They do, however, attain some significance through their consistency and uniformity. The trouble, of course, with the whole display, is that the differences are computed on too broad a basis. They may mean a great deal and, on the other hand, they may mean nothing at all. It is necessary to examine a more detailed study if we are to get a fairly clear picture of what is happening or not happening to our temperatures.

Mr. H. H. Clayton, formerly of Blue Hill Observatory, Massachusetts, was among the first to make a thorough study of temperature trends on this continent. His findings were first published in 1925. As with the Smithsonian report, Mr. Clayton's observations employ the whole range of mean annual temperatures since the beginning of recorded observation.

Among the oldest records, he reports, are those kept at Boston and at New Haven. Observations were begun in New Haven in 1788; in Boston in 1790. The two sets of records run almost parallel. In Massachusetts, as in other parts of the United States, the coldest periods recorded were from 1782 to 1792 and from 1812 to 1823. Since the latter cold period, Mr. Clayton reports, the trend of temperature has been steadily upward. In Boston and New Haven, the mean annual temperature of the decade ending in 1925 was 2.6 degrees higher than that of the 10 years ending 1821. If January and July are to be considered separately, we find that the mean of the decade ending in 1925 has a July average 1.7 degrees higher than 1812-1821, while the January average is 4 degrees higher.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, the ten years ending with 1925 averaged 2.8 degrees warmer than the decade beginning with the first year of observation — 1859. Mr. Clayton found that, the farther north one went, the more marked the rise became. In Winnipeg, the present mean

temperatures are over 4 degrees higher than the mean of the first 10 years of observation, beginning 1875. At Port Arthur and Dawson, the difference is still greater. The comparatively short period of observation in Alaska prevents a reliable study of what is probably an even greater rise in temperature.

It was Mr. Clayton's conclusion that the trend is definitely upward and that there will not be a return to a year like 1816, which was known as the "year without a summer." It is interesting to note that Mr. Clayton's conclusions were made in 1925 and that the past decade has been hotter than any of the others, with new highs attained in almost every year, including 1934. Then, unprecedented temperatures, ranging toward 120 degrees, were registered throughout all the Middle West.

RAINFALL RECORDS

MORE RECENT is the report by Mr. J. B. Kincer, published in the *Monthly Weather Review* of September, 1933. Of the results Mr. Kincer has this to say:

It has been thought that fluctuations in temperature eventually neutralize one another when the long-time record is taken into account. Meteorologists have considered climate a fairly stable thing. It appears, however, that the orthodox conception of the stability of climate needs revision. The study of means and other features directly related to temperature conditions all confirm the general statement that we are now in a period of abnormal warmth which has come on more or less gradually for many years.

He finds, for example, in studying the winter temperature records for Washington, D. C., that of the 21 winters from 1912-13 to 1932-33, inclusive, 18 have been warmer than normal; that every one of the last 13 has been mild; and that the warmest winter of this record going back more than a century was that of 1931-1932. On the other hand, of the 19 winters of 1854-55 to 1872-73, 14 out of 19 were colder than normal, and the winter of 1855-56 was the coldest on record.

Similar conditions prevail at New Haven, Connecticut. Every one of the last 10 winters has averaged warmer than normal; so have 18 of the last 21 and 33 of the last 45. In St. Louis, 13 of the last 15 winters have been above normal.

Similarities were found by Kincer when he studied the temperatures of other seasons. In New Haven, 20 of the last 24 springs

(March-May), to and including the spring of 1933, were above normal temperature. In this same city, from 1866 to 1875, not a spring was above normal. In Washington, D. C., only 8 out of the past 25 springs have been colder than the norm.

Turning from spring to fall and from the East Coast to the Central Plain, Kincer finds that in St. Paul "more than 75 per cent of the fall seasons for the last 43 years previous to 1933 have been relatively warm." This contrasts sharply with the 37-year period from 1840 to 1876, inclusive, during which only 9 autumns were warmer than the norm. In Washington, D. C., only 3 of the 25 falls since 1907 have been colder than normal.

In its entirety, Kincer's study shows that temperature trends, not only in the Northern Hemisphere but in the Southern Hemisphere as well, not only in the United States but the world over, have been prevailingly high, on an upward climb which for over 50 years has shown no evidence of recession. Exceptions have been found at some low-latitude stations in the Eastern Hemisphere, but this condition seems to be confined to a certain relatively small area.

The study of seasonal curves shows the winter curve the most erratic, while curves for spring and also, particularly, for fall show a remarkably steady upward trend. The summer curve shows a moderate rise since 1912.

Mr. Kincer informs us that the fall, winter, and spring averages for the past 20 years are from 2.5 degrees to nearly 4 degrees higher than similar averages 60 or 70 years ago. New England winters of the '70's and '80's were 3 degrees or more colder than the winters of the last 20 years. Autumns in the United States have been getting warmer for the last 100 years.

What is more remarkable, "temperature records of other countries of the Northern Hemisphere and also of the Southern Hemisphere show strikingly similar conditions." Studies from Paris, Vienna, Greenwich, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Cape Town, and other widespread points on the globe show that this trend is marked the world over. Coincidences in curves from cities widespread over the earth add to the fascination of the study.

Rainfall has been decreasing in some areas of the United States but not to the extent commonly believed. Precipitation trends of late

years are a subject which can stand a great deal more investigation.

The Weather Bureau at Minneapolis, Minnesota, has very excellent comparative data on monthly, annual, and seasonal precipitation. As the station is centrally located and in the midst of a wide agricultural area, its records will serve our purpose excellently.

For the period from 1837 to 1890, inclusive, the mean annual precipitation was 26.94 inches; from 1891 to 1934, inclusive, it was 27.41. For the first period, the precipitation for the crop season (May-August) was 14.09; for the latter, 14.43. The precipitation throughout this extensive period has fluctuated greatly. The greatest annual precipitation occurred in 1848, the least in 1910. One outstanding feature of this record is the comparative evenness in precipitation during the past 25 years.

As for the matter of drier seasons, there has been a rather even deficiency in rainfall during the crop season for 16 years. Only twice during this period has rainfall attained the mean of the entire record. The seasonal mean for the last decade, ending 1934, was 24.05 inches, as compared to the 98-year average of 27.1. The average for the crop season was 11.55, as compared with the all-time average of 14.2 inches.

THIS MUTABLE EARTH

AFTER ALL, we should not be so surprised to learn that the weather is undergoing widespread and definite change. History, geology, and geography supply us with many examples, both ancient and contemporary, of such occurrences.

For instance, most of the old barbarian migrations can be traced with more or less accuracy to changes in climatic conditions that brought famine and resulted in tribal shifting.

Geography gives even more impressive evidence.

The Great Salt Lake was once larger than all the Great Lakes put together; it emptied into the Snake River. In 1870 it had an area of 2,200 square miles; today it has an area of 1,500 square miles. Likewise, Devil's Lake in North Dakota is steadily drying up.

The Caspian Sea was at one time at the same level with the Black Sea, but it is now 70 feet lower and is losing 4 feet a year by evaporation and by the diminution of the freshwater supply from the Volga River.

THE WORLD GROWS WARMER

Mesopotamia, the original Garden of Eden, the country Herodotus described as a "land flowing with milk and honey," is now chiefly a barren wilderness. Similarly, sands have drifted over the ruins of the once flourishing cities of the ancient and mighty Persian Empire.

In a once fairly fertile area in Upper China, rain has actually not fallen for several years—not a single drop. In 1920-21, the fertile plains of Southern Russia were parched, resulting in a famine which took a toll of 7,000,000 lives. Nor have conditions returned to anything approaching former years. The great "bread-basket of Europe," comprising Southern Russia, Hungary, Rumania, and Lithuania, still suffers from heat and drought.

In modern Holland the tradition of a nation on skates in winter is dying because the winters are now seldom cold enough to freeze the water of the canals.

If we wish to go further, we may look at the records of the rocks. We have there evidence still more impressive and startling. Evidences of arid climates in ancient geological times where now are regions of plentiful rainfall are abundant; or the situation may be reversed. Rock-salt deposits under the plains of North Germany give testimony, geologists say, of a former body of sea water with 3 times the cubic content of the Mediterranean. This sea changed to desert and then, as ages passed, became fertile land again. It is also known that the entire trans-Mississippi region of the United States was a desert in Permian-Triassic times and that the Sahara was once fertile.

Now it has been a common but thoroughly erroneous belief that these changes were peculiar to prehistoric areas. That assumption is very far from the truth. The world's climatic conditions have changed and changed again, and they are still changing.

NATURE'S ICEBOX

BUT WHAT CAUSES these changes? Why is our climate getting warmer, and how long will it continue to do so? What significance is there in the recent drop in precipitation? Will the trend continue?

It has long been held that the breeding ground for many of the storms in our hemisphere is the North Polar regions. One of our greatest wind systems is that governed by planetary circulation and the contrast of tem-

peratures between low and high latitudes. The coldest spot on this hemisphere is not at the North Pole, which is quite warm compared to localities in Siberia, in British North America, and in Greenland. In central Greenland, 30 degrees below is not an unusual temperature for midsummer, and on the Upper Yansk, in Siberia, temperatures as low as -90.5 degrees F. have been registered.

Cold areas are essential to the development of anticyclones. These regions, with their intense cold, act as giant refrigerating plants for the world. Heated air from the torrid areas, passing along the upper strata, is cooled over these frigid sections and brought to earth, thus setting up storm movements. This ill-defined belt where the incoming warm air and outgoing cold air first come into contact with each other is known as the polar front. It is a storm-brewing area and possibly the pulse of our weather conditions.

It follows that, if anything should happen to alter this refrigerating area and thus disturb the polar front, the result would be a change in the geography and character of temperature and precipitation areas. And it appears that something is happening. Our refrigerating plant is breaking down.

The matter of the receding ice cap has for a long time engaged the attention of scientists. Within recent times the recession of the cap has been of such proportions that evidence of it has been observed within the span of only a few decades. For instance, the Russian arctic expert, N. G. Datsky, in re-examining areas surveyed 40 years before, found that in Siberia, where his predecessor, Professor Shrenk, found eternal frost at the depth of 2 meters, there was now no frost at any depth, not even in the marshes. In other localities, where Professor Shrenk found only shrubless tundra, Mr. Datsky saw new growths of timber!

Only recently, Professor R. T. Belknap, of the University of Michigan, came upon a pyramid of rocks and a note originally placed at the foot of the Cornell Glacier by the late Professor Tarr. The note was dated 1896. In the time intervening, the glacier had moved back three quarters of a mile from the marker.

R. F. Griggs, of the University of Washington, tells us that in the Alaskan tundra country the forest line is advancing at the rate of a mile a century. Trees are now growing on land

THE FORUM

which has been barren for 100,000 years.

If this keeps on, you say, Hudson Bay will eventually become a subtropical body of water. Well, what of it? It has been several times before, and, if geological evidence is anything to draw conclusions from, it will be again.

Thousands of years ago, though recently on the geological scale, our globe, for reasons still disputed, began to cool off. This was the beginning of the Pleistocene or Glacial period, and at its height nearly half of North America and much of Northern Europe lay buried in ice which at its forming point must have been 5 miles thick. About 16,000 years ago the glacier began to recede. It is still receding. Geologists tell us that the retreat of the ice is about three fourths completed.

Now the polar caps, like the weather, seem to be considered a more or less constant fixture. This notion finds no substantiation in geological evidence.

The Quaternary Glacier was not the first to straddle this earth. During Permo-Carboniferous times there was a glaciation much vaster than our recent one; and, strange as it seems, it had its origin not at the poles but near the equator. There was also a glaciation during the Cambrian period, and the earth gives sporadic signs of moderate glaciation in Mesozoic and Tertiary times. All these glaciations were superseded by subtropical conditions.

The last geologic division preceding the Quaternary, which is our present age, was the Tertiary. In the early part of the Tertiary period (Eocene), our continent had a very warm climate. The West Coast of Greenland was as warm as Virginia is now. During the Miocene period the weather had grown somewhat cooler, but Greenland was still a pleasant place of habitation. During the last of the Tertiary, faunas indicate a definite lowering of temperature, and by the opening of the Pleistocene flora and fauna had taken on a definite arctic character.

During the Pleistocene epoch the glacier went through several periods of recession, giving us well-marked interglacial stages of quite long duration. During the Aftonian Interglacial stage, our hemisphere grew luxurious forests in an obviously moist climate. During the Yarmouth stage the climate was quite similar, though for a spell semiarid. During the Sangamon stage the weather was "cool

to warm" but still warm enough to give the region around Toronto a climate like that of Virginia. General warmth prevailed at the beginning of the Peorian stage. Later, steppe conditions prevailed.

At last these heavy oscillations ceased. The ice retreated toward the Pole, leaving the Northern Hemisphere a cold tundra. Later it became a wind-swept steppe land. Then, following an increase in humidity, the Forest period began, and it is the Forest period in which we are still living.

WHAT NEXT?

WHAT COMES after the Forest period?

One man's guess is as good as another's. No one can predict the trend, for the underlying causes are unknown. But in view of all the evidence it seems reasonably sure that there will be changes of significance in the future; and we know from the records I have cited that just now the trend is toward a warmer and possibly a drier climate.

What we chiefly want to know is whether our temperatures will continue to rise as they have during the past 50 years? And, most of all, will this incipient drought tendency increase? Whether we are to parch or not to parch, that seems to be the question. There are few places in these United States that could not profit by a longer growing season. But, if increased aridity must be the complement of warmer weather, that is a different matter.

The notion that the tropical condition of prehistoric eras was the result of the earth possessing an intrinsic heat dominating its climate is another mumpsimus. We must look for less rudimental causes than that. Many scientists hold that the variations are due to fluctuation in the sun's heat, which is in no manner associated with the age of our planetary system.

Speculations on the earth's distant past and distant future are fascinating. But we can leave the possibilities of date culture in the Labrador to future generations, particularly in view of the fact that our own immediate problems require all the thought we can give them. According to Mr. W. J. Humphries, of the United States Weather Bureau, if all the ice of the polar caps melted, the ocean levels would be raised 151 feet! And that's something else to try out on the slide rule.

The Truly Forgotten Man

A Literary Agent Speaks His Mind

ANONYMOUS

THERE ARE a few authors who, whether from pious upbringing, common sense, or genuine modesty, do not regard themselves and their works as geniuses and masterpieces, respectively. Just a few. Some of these I count among my friends. We never talk about books and authors.

The rest, an overwhelming majority, exhibit megalomania in varying degrees. Some are born arrogant; others acquire arrogance as they go on writing. In time each becomes the typical author. Occasionally they betray a restraining sense of shame and behave as though they really are human beings, conscious of their sins. Then they try, nearly always without success, to hide their egotism under a mask. Such clumsily assumed modesty aggravates their crime. They are the Uriah Heeps of their unholy profession, always "very 'umble."

There are few people privileged, if I may misuse the word, to see and hear authors in the raw. In the presence of editors and publishers, an author dissembles naturally. The instinct of self-preservation comes to his aid. He knows that he cannot get money from editors and publishers unless he behaves himself. So overpowering, however, is the author's conceit that his true nature sometimes reveals itself despite his cunning efforts to suppress it. Only the successful author gets away with it. The others are shown the way out. Even some of our best sellers would receive a salutary shock if they should see the pained and perspiring expressions and hear the loud sighs of relief when the office door has closed behind them.

But, when all is said and done, the editor and publisher have an ultimate protection. The final barrier between them and the author is the fact that they do the paying. Authors may not like it, but they usually have the good sense to smile and smirk and listen cordially,

even if unwillingly, to the publisher's jokes.

Who, then, is the real victim? Not the public, before whom the author has trained himself to appear as a most engaging personality, excelling the shy violet in modesty. Not even the author's family. They soon learn to tell him where he gets off. Some families disown their writing members on principle, and a good thing, too — for the families. An intimidated wife or husband may suffer here and there, but he deserves no sympathy. After all, divorce is easy.

The one victim who cannot escape is the author's literary agent. It is to his agent that the author runs, eager to pour out his troubles, grievances, maledictions, grouches, and general dissatisfaction with the world around him. And the unhappy agent must listen, and assume appropriate expressions and say, "Isn't it too bad," and, "We'll have to put that right," in the proper places. For the author pays the agent. An agent cannot live without authors, and the author knows it.

You will have guessed that I have the misfortune to be a literary agent. With professional patience and a strained sense of humor I have suffered for nearly twenty years at the hands of authors.

The agent has had to put up with many indignities in his time. At first he was cold-shouldered by publishers (for good and obvious reasons); then he was sneered at as the "fifth wheel on the literary coach." Buyers of literary material accused him of extortion; discontented authors reproached him with neglect and impotence. Today he is generally regarded as a necessary evil.

An agent is at the mercy of all authors, big and little, old-timers and this-is-my-very-first-effort novices. He dare not dismiss any of them summarily. When a publisher lets a fish slip through his net, it is an unfortunate

error of judgment; when an agent does so, it is a disgrace. A publisher is forgiven for deciding not to risk his capital; an agent risks only his time. And so the wretched agent must pore over mss. Worse still, he must involve himself in correspondence with authors and be available for interviews. The author who is turned down by a publisher has a scornful but tolerant smile for the publisher's fallibility. To be turned down by an agent is ignominious, and the agent makes an enemy of the author for life.

ELEPHANTIASIS OF THE EGO

IF THOSE AUTHORS who become the agent's clients I speak with the contempt born of familiarity. (Not to their faces, of course.) The client's attitude toward the agent is something between that of the bully toward the small boy and that of the guilty prisoner toward the defending attorney. His manner is either threatening or whining. When an editor offers the author a check for fifty dollars for an article, it is accepted with promptness and gratitude. To an offer of one hundred dollars submitted by an agent, the author will say, "It's an insult to a man of my reputation."

But that's nothing. Take a look at some of the authors who are turning my hair gray. (It will be safer if I invent names for them.) Albert, for instance. Albert writes "shockers." The fact that they sell confirms his cynical publisher's belief that the public likes trash. (There are, incidentally, only two ways of making money by writing: one is to write very well, the other to write very fast. Albert writes very fast. He can and does produce four books a year comfortably.)

Imagine Albert in my office, sprawling in an armchair, scattering cigar ash on the carpet with the air of a millionaire distributing largess. Albert jerks a derisive thumb at the wall. He is indicating a signed photograph of a certain distinguished highbrow whom we will call George. (I know exactly what the gesture means. Albert's hatred and envy of George are notorious.)

"That feller!" hisses Albert, metaphorically spitting on my carpet. "Have you read 'is new book?'" (I forgot to mention that Albert speaks about as well as he writes.) "No? It's lousy, take it from me. I simply couldn't read it. But what I'd like to know" — and

here Albert projects himself aggressively toward me — "is why 'e gets such reviews." And off Albert goes, developing with increasing bitterness and abuse his thesis that George has all the influential reviewers in his pay.

I sigh (invisibly), for I know what is coming next. Albert wants to know why *his* books don't get reviewed. I am made to feel that I am personally to blame for this unwarrantable neglect. Now Albert, with all his faults, is no fool, and he knows perfectly well that I cannot remedy this unfortunate state of affairs. But I am his agent and I am there to listen. And (the Lord forgive me!) I do.

I am expecting, any day now, another visit from George. He will settle down primly, with clucking noises in his throat, gaze sternly at me through his horn-rimmed glasses and, in a tired, cultured voice, will begin.

"I see that Albert Axepole is in the best-selling list again this week. Have you read his new book? No? Well, can you explain why none of my novels, all of which have received enthusiastic praise, has ever sold more than a thousand copies?" Etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

I blame it on the nitwitted public, but George leaves me in no doubt as to his view. He blames it on me.

On the whole, however, the women are worse. Their acid smiles and hints are more difficult to cope with than any outbursts or complaints. Gaily they flutter in, with "I'm not going to keep you more than *two* minutes; I know how busy you are," and I groan inwardly, knowing this means an hour at least. There is no limit to their exasperating tactics.

The other day, Bella, who is fat, middle-aged and sells twenty thousand copies, flopped into the armchair with these words: "It's terribly hot, and I got tired walking, so just give me a cup of tea, and I won't disturb you at your work." She made that cup of tea last three quarters of an hour, every minute of which she occupied with complaining bitterly that her books weren't being advertised properly, that the booksellers weren't stocking them ("I know that for a fact because friends of mine have tried everywhere"), that her last wrapper was a monstrosity, and that she could never get through on the telephone either to her publisher's office or to mine without scandalous delay.

The idea, of course, was to make me feel

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personally responsible. Brazenly I told her I would "take the matter up at once." When she had gone, I wearily called up her publisher.

"Bill," said I, "that old bitch, Bella Bustodice, has been in with the usual grouch."

"Okay," said Bill.

The favorite theme of disgruntled authors is lack of advertising. And, since, as every publisher in the world knows, it isn't advertising that sells books, the only possible explanation is plain human vanity. And, in the vanity stakes, authors, male and female, have got all beauty queens and pugilists beaten to a frazzle.

Yes, I feel pretty strongly about authors. If they're rich, they're greedy; if they're poor, they borrow money; if they have no sales and good reviews or vice versa, they can't be happy unless they have both; they are suspicious of publishers; they hate all other authors; every story they write is a heaven-sent idea for a motion picture (and if I don't sell the movie rights I just don't know my job); they are all mighty articulate — and they're damned well going to see that I earn the ten-per-cent commission they pay.

JUST A SHOCK ABSORBER

ANY WELL-KNOWN literary agency is at the mercy of strangers who call daily, demanding advice and help. Unlike lawyers, doctors, and other professional men, the agent does not charge a fee for consultations. You might think this would inspire gratitude but you'd be wrong. No budding author ever believes the truth when it is unpalatable, as it nearly always is.

The number of authors and would-be authors who demand appointments or call without one (I do not know which is worse), in the expectation of free advice, is incredible. What most of them really want is not advice but an opportunity to talk about themselves and their work. Occasionally they ask a question, just for the sake of appearances. Very early in my career as an agent I discovered the meaning of the abstracted expression which invariably shows on their faces while I am trying to reply. They are not listening at all; they are concentrating on what they are going to say next.

The greatest pest of all is the amateur who comes armed with a letter of introduction. Those "influential" letters! The perverse genius who first discovered that the easiest way to

get rid of a bore is to pass him on to someone else with an insincere letter of recommendation deserves a special inferno. Sometimes it turns out that the bearer of such a letter wants a job. It may be reviewing or reading manuscripts, occupations, these blithe individuals know, which need no qualifications or experience. People who are almost illiterate will calmly assert they are well qualified for the responsibility of choosing the "best sellers" and for reviewing books. They flatter themselves, with transparently assumed modesty, that they are excellent judges of public taste.

When each is told, politely but quite firmly, that reviewing and the reading of manuscripts are not jobs for amateurs, his expression changes from one of smiling confidence to haughty disagreement. He can bring a fresh mind to bear on literary problems; his judgment is unclouded and unbiased. Besides, he is not jaded, as the professional reader usually is. That word "jaded" always manages to creep in at such interviews, and, as I can usually tell when it is coming, I wince, as often as not, even before it is uttered.

On the whole, however, the job seekers are easy to dispose of. Even the most persistent applicants find it difficult to argue when I tell them I do not know of any sort of job in a publishing or editorial office. *Veritas prevalebit.*

I confess I have a sneaking sympathy with those who desire to work or even to idle in a literary environment, but it is impossible to create jobs, and no literary agent dare make himself unpopular by passing on these optimistic amateurs to his publishing friends. The game of writing letters of introduction is reserved for editors and publishers only.

More difficult and dangerous are the visitors who appear with packages of manuscript under their arms. Even a fair-sized envelope arouses my suspicions. I know what to expect. In vain do I hurriedly suggest that manuscripts need a leisurely, a careful, a detached reading.

What is the use? An author who has carried his precious manuscript to your office is not going to let you throw it on the pile in the corner as soon as his back is turned. He is going to make sure you read it — or some of it, anyway. Nothing short of an earthquake or a fire alarm will prevent him from sitting down and blandly uttering extracts aloud.

Punctuated by such phrases as "It won't

take me more than a minute or two to read you this" and "Oh, there's this little bit on page seventy" and "This — it's quite short — will just give you an idea" — and so on and so on. There is nothing for it but to sit tight, pretend to listen, and pray for an effective interruption. At such times I fervently wish I were clever enough and bold enough to have provided beforehand for the dramatic entry of my secretary announcing that one of the staff has just committed suicide and won't I please go upstairs immediately. But I doubt if even that sort of interruption would enable me to escape. I should probably find the author still waiting by my desk an hour or two later, his finger patiently marking his place.

For every author who gains admittance in person, there are at least a hundred who, from necessity, mail their manuscripts. The fact that they are unknown to you does not prevent them from asking for free advice and criticism and prompt attention. What they really want, of course, is flattery, preferably by return mail, followed by substantial sums of money. What they get is merely an honest opinion, usually and deservedly adverse. Authors whose mss. are not read at once are usually loud in their complaints at neglect, but, if their mss. are read and returned promptly, they invariably complain that they cannot possibly have received proper consideration. Which all helps to make life pleasant for the agent.

And the letters that pour in! I had one the other day from an unknown woman who asked if I would read and sell her "first effort" — a novel, if you please — at once, because her fifth baby was on the way. The inescapable inference was that I was responsible for *that*.

A few days ago my telephone rang.

"Maisie M—— speaking. I'm very annoyed."

I gulp and contrive to reply sympathetically.

"Why is that?"

"My name was spelled wrong in a paragraph in the *Wessex County Echo*. Can you make sure this doesn't happen again?"

I do my best to explain that there are, after all, certain things beyond my control.

THE RACKET OF WRITING

INDIVIDUALLY, authors are exasperating. Collectively, they are unblushing hypocrites. They are at their worst at cocktail parties and

literary dinners. Cocktail parties give them more scope, because they can say more in the time. The shrill chatter of a room full of writers has to be heard to be believed.

If you listen — that is to say, if you are not an author yourself — you will hear conversational fragments like this. "He tells everyone his last novel sold eleven thousand copies, but I hear, in strict confidence. . . . Of course she gets good reviews from So-and-so — I saw them having lunch together last week. . . . Have you *seen* it? It's the most shameless crib. . . . *All* publishers are dishonest, my dear. . . . Of course I sent the check back with a scathing letter. . . . Don't believe a word your agent says: he's in the pay of the publishers. . . . I had twenty letters yesterday from readers of my last book. . . ."

Cocktail parties are indeed a pernicious influence. Young authors who have not yet learned to be supercilious about the interest of publishers in their work come into contact with the old hands, and their few surviving traces of ordinary human decency vanish like snow in the sun. Soon they, too, become habitués of the cocktail-party round and join with their seniors in abusing editors, publishers, and reviewers and in covertly sneering at each other.

Do I exaggerate? Here are a few choice remarks made, to my knowledge, by well-known authors about other well-known authors.

On overhearing a remark to the effect that a certain best seller was not a gentleman, a famous dramatist said, "That's absurd. Why, he's every other inch a gentleman."

A certain literary trinity, two brothers and a sister, was referred to by another author as "two wiseacres and a cow."

"More brilliantine than brilliant" was the way a writer contemptuously described one of his "friends," a novelist noted for the time and care he devoted to his toilet.

The name of an English author who has written several books about Charles Lamb was mentioned at a dinner party. "He dips his pen into mint sauce and calls it Lamb," commented a world-famous writer.

Nice people.

The spectacle of authors preening themselves and tearing other people's reputations to shreds is not edifying. They are a ghoulish crew, whose smiles and superficial gaiety barely disguise the truth. Although they all plaintively deplore

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the excessive number of books published, I have yet to meet the author who has decided to set a good example by lessening his own output.

The best sellers are, if anything, more vain and jealous than the rest. The fact that their success is founded on large sales does not prevent them from despising the public. They become conscious of their "art," truculent with publishers, and insulting to strangers.

Reading their books, you would never suspect that famous authors are capable of the subtle meannesses and petty jealousies they reveal in their private lives. Rival authors are anathema to them. Do you wonder at my sardonic amusement when I observe Albert Axepole and George greeting each other with bland smiles when they meet at a party?

Their hypocrisy does not end there. They will come to my office and firmly insist on an exorbitant price for something they have written, leave me to cope with the harassed publisher, and then go out of their way afterwards to blame me, their agent, for my rapacity. And the publishers, confound them, are always too cowardly to suggest the substitution of a more modest bargain. Or maybe they recognize brazen insincerity when they meet it.

The common pose among authors that they are poor men of business is another manifestation of their insincerity. Most of them have no need of an agent at all. Why they employ one and pay him commission is, however, easily explained. They want someone else to do the dirty work. The sordid details of business are beneath their dignity. Their "art" is incompatible with commerce. Some authors, I have good reason to suspect, strongly dislike paying an agent's commission but dare not class themselves among the unfashionable few who "cannot afford an agent." The only important author who is strong-minded enough to do without an agent for the right reasons is, as you might expect, Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

The truth about authorship is like the truth about many other things. It is a racket. Perhaps the authors are not altogether to blame. To survive and flourish in the literary atmosphere, it is necessary to adopt the universal pose, to speak the language. Can it be that authors really are human underneath their repulsive exteriors? A possibility, though unlikely.

I am beginning to think that their truculence may be explained on psychological grounds. Editors, publishers, agents, and authors are a vicious circle. The established author infuriates the others, and they in turn take it out of the new author, when he comes along. He probably sends his first literary creation to an editor, only to have his sensitive feelings wounded by indifference and delay. Instead of an acceptance, he receives an icily formal printed rejection slip. This process is usually repeated for years. It is not really surprising that the author should develop a complex and a thick skin.

A writer may believe that he can afford to forget and has forgotten the rejections of his earlier years, but I suspect that they still lead an active life in his subconscious and motivate his whole attitude, in or out of the literary world.

There is something to be said for Oriental tactics. In the Far East, editors have a different formula. Sticking the editorial tongue hard into the editorial cheek, the Chinese editor writes to the unsuccessful author:

The Editor abases himself ten thousand times before the illustrious author of this incomparable manuscript. It causes him great sorrow not to be able to publish this epoch-making work, but he fears that, were he to do himself that undeserved honor, he would in future be called upon to provide his readers with masterpieces of like merit. This would be manifestly impossible, and the Editor has no choice but to crave the pardon of the eminent author and his revered ancestors.

The Japanese editor also knows a thing or two about diplomacy. This is his effort:

We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors we swear that we never before have reveled in so enthralling a masterpiece. If we printed it, His Majesty, the Emperor, our high and mighty master, would ordain us to take it as a model and never henceforth to print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal within ten thousand years, we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow at our action, to return the divine manuscript, and for doing so we ask of thee a thousand pardons.

Are Oriental authors a pleasanter breed, I wonder? And would our English-speaking authors be more congenial company if they were suckled in flattery? I think of George and Albert Axepole and Bella Bustbodice and a hundred others whose names I daren't mention because of the law of libel and I decide that they would not.

A Debate on STERILIZATION

Intelligent Eugenics

by **PAUL POPENOE**

EUGENIC STERILIZATION is accomplished through a surgical operation that does not unsex the individual.

It is, therefore, not a punishment but a protection. It has nothing in common with the crude and mutilating operations of castration, for the production of eunuchs, that were used among ancient peoples and were continued by Roman Catholics up to modern times in order to provide male soprano voices for the Papal choir.

Anyone seriously handicapped in such a way as to make childbearing a menace naturally welcomes a protection which does not otherwise change the sexual life. Hence, most of the sterilization operations in the United States are purely voluntary, performed on their patients by surgeons in private practice. Beyond this, most of the operations performed in State institutions are also voluntary, carried out at the desire and with the written consent of the patient's family. If the patient understands the situation, he too usually gives his consent.

Once the operation has been performed and the patient has an opportunity to experience its value, he is in almost every instance satisfied. Particularly is this true of women for whom another pregnancy would mean another mental breakdown and return to the hospital. In case after case, the family is kept together only because of the fact that the woman does not, in going home, have to fear another pregnancy.

With men, the operation is a minor one, easily performed in a physician's office under local anesthetic and about equal in severity to pulling a tooth. A slight incision is made in the scrotum, the *vas deferens*, through which the

spermatozoa pass, is cut and tied, the same is done on the other side, the incisions are closed with adhesive plaster, and the man often goes about his work without loss of time. There is no scar. The procedure is identical with that widely advertised as "Steinach's rejuvenation operation," for which hundreds of men have paid high fees with the expectation that their youthful vigor would be to some extent restored through it.

With women, the abdomen must be opened, a major operation about like an easy and uncomplicated appendectomy. The Fallopian tubes, through which the ova pass, are cut and tied. Menstruation is of course undisturbed. In neither sex is any organ or tissue removed, any nerve or blood supply interfered with. Theoretically, the operation can be undone in either sex, if too long a time has not elapsed since its performance.

These are the most important facts to remember about eugenic sterilization: that it does not unsex the individual and that the sterilized patients are, in general, the best friends of the measure. Once this fact is grasped, most of the opposition to sterilization disappears, except that which is based on theological or doctrinaire grounds. With such opposition there is of course no argument, since the opponents are not concerned with the facts of the case.

II

EUGENIC STERILIZATION laws are an American contribution to social welfare, now in force in 28 States. But a number of foreign countries have also adopted this measure, namely, the Provinces of Alberta and British

INTELLIGENT EUGENICS

Columbia, in Canada; the Canton of Vaud, in Switzerland; the State of Vera Cruz, in Mexico; the Free City of Danzig; Denmark; Norway; Sweden; and Germany. More than 160,000,000 people are now living under sterilization laws, and there is now a history of 36 years of official sterilization in America, since the first operations were performed in Indiana in 1899. With a background like this, sterilization can scarcely be called a novelty or an experiment, except by those who are seeking to misrepresent the facts.

The table below shows the number of sterilizations performed in the various American States up to the first of this year.

State	Males	Females	Total ¹
Alabama	124	86	210
Arizona	10	10	20
California	5,147	4,784	9,931
Connecticut	19	372	391
Delaware	218	184	402
Idaho	4	10	14
Indiana	218	135	353
Iowa	57	38	95
Kansas	839	523	1,362
Maine	7	78	85
Michigan	307	932	1,239
Minnesota	113	858	971
Mississippi	27	136	163
Montana	33	52	85
Nebraska	112	164	276
New Hampshire	29	170	199
New York ²	1	41	42
North Carolina	29	85	114
North Dakota	60	90	150
Oklahoma	1	7	8
Oregon	309	648	957
South Dakota	74	141	215
Utah	44	41	85
Vermont	32	65	97
Virginia	755	1,159	1,914
Washington	6	24	30
West Virginia	0	10	10
Wisconsin	69	576	645
Total	8,644	11,419	20,063

The greatest use of the law has been in California, where a sterilization measure was adopted in April, 1909, and has been enforced ever since.

The California law, like most others, applies only to those legally committed to State institutions as insane or feeble-minded. If the medical director of the institution, after studying the case with his staff, decides that the patient

should be sterilized before release, his recommendation must be approved by the director of the State department of institutions. If so approved, the operation is compulsory. (Of course, the patient or his guardian has always the right of appeal to the civil courts, if there are any grounds for holding the decision unjust.) But, in practice, the written consent of the patient's nearest relatives is always sought, and the operation is rarely performed against their desires. More and more they themselves take the initiative in asking that the patient shall not be released without sterilization; for they, better than others, understand how important it will be that the patient be childless after his discharge.

While the operation is, in actual practice, nearly always voluntary, the State has the right to protect its own interests by compulsory sterilization if necessary, and this right cannot be abandoned. It was specifically upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1927, in the case of *Buck v. Bell*, on appeal from Virginia.

The compulsory feature of a sterilization law is particularly needed in three classes of cases.

One is the type just described, where the near relatives are as irresponsible as the patient himself.

A second is the case in which no near relatives are known. The patient's kin may be in Central or Eastern Europe. He may not have heard from them for 20 years. It would be absurd to make sterilization depend on getting their consent.

The third type of case is that in which the nearest relative, probably the husband or wife, does not want to assume responsibility. The incident is usually something like this. The wife is asked to consent to the sterilization of her husband and replies, in effect, "Doctor, you know he ought to be sterilized. I wouldn't want him to come home at all if I thought it were going to mean another pregnancy for me, when I know he cannot support us in the future. But I don't know whether he will hold a grudge against me — he has been so unreasonable lately. You'd better leave me out of this and just go ahead and do what you know ought to be done." The patient's own consent, in such a case, is of no value legally, because he has been legally adjudged either insane or feeble-minded.

¹ In many States lacking sterilization laws, the State institutions sterilize patients with consent. No account is here taken of such operations nor of those that are primarily therapeutic, not eugenic, in purpose.

² The New York sterilization law was declared unconstitutional in 1928.

III

ONE OF THE arguments made against sterilization by those who have not studied the subject is that it will lead to an increase of promiscuity, with a consequent spread of venereal diseases and disintegration of the monogamous ideal. If so, the remedy might be worse than the disorders it is intended to cure. But the argument is purely imaginary, and not borne out by the facts. Sterilization is not performed promiscuously and irresponsibly by any State. It is performed only in carefully selected cases. Thus, among the insane committed to California hospitals about one in every 6 of the new admissions is sterilized before discharge. He is selected because the operation in his case promises to be most useful to all concerned.

With the feeble-minded, sterilization is only part of a parole system which provides supervision for every patient who is returned to the community. Here again only selected patients are sterilized. They are selected because they give the greatest promise of being able to live successfully outside the institution. They are paroled in charge of some responsible person and in addition are supervised by a parole officer.

The assumption that a feeble-minded girl at liberty in the community restricts her sexual activity through fear of pregnancy is naïve, to say the least. By definition, feeble-mindedness means inability to foresee the remote consequences of one's actions. And the feeble-minded rarely fail to satisfy the definition. Among feeble-minded girls who have been sterilized and subsequently paroled in California, 9 out of every 12 were found to have been sex offenders before they were committed to the institution.

After commitment, sterilization, and parole, only one out of every 12 of these girls was a sex offender and even this one was in most instances immediately returned to the institution. There were a few exceptions — girls who disappeared, presumably leaving the State. The net result of the whole procedure, then, was a great improvement in the behavior of these individuals, with advantage to all concerned.

Needless to say, this change was not due to any revolution in their sexual natures, produced by the operation, since the operation does not

result in any such alteration. It was due to training and discipline in the institution, improvement of general health and morale, careful placement on parole, and careful supervision subsequently. But the release at all was made possible by sterilization, which meant that these girls would not produce another generation of children like themselves, to be a burden on society in the future.

Most of them married after their return to the community, and two thirds of the marriages turned out successfully — which is certainly as good a record as is to be expected in that stratum of society. Even though neither husband nor wife were highly efficient economically, their joint earnings were enough to make them self-supporting, self-respecting, and happier than if confined in even the most ideal of State institutions.

IV

STERILIZATION, then, is of great immediate value to the sterilized patient, in permitting him a relatively normal life in the community, without the burden of childbearing or fathering, which such handicapped persons cannot assume successfully.

It is greatly to the advantage of society, both in preventing human misery and in helping to lighten the burden of the taxpayers. The average cost of maintaining a patient in an institution for the insane or feeble-minded in the United States is about \$500 a year, if allowance is made not merely for maintenance but for capital investment. If the patient can be returned to the community under supervision at slight expense, this cost is saved the taxpayers. If the patient, on the other hand, were in the community, producing children who had to be supported at State expense, the taxpayers would suffer even more but in another way.

Finally, the interests of posterity are protected. The average feeble-minded family in the United States, particularly if living on relief and thus in effect subsidized to have children, produces about twice as many offspring as does the average college-graduate family. No one is the gainer by this multiplication of the unfit. Much can be done through extending information and materials for contraception to the mentally diseased, defective, and dependent families of the community. But, with the best efforts, many of these hand-

FUTILE IMMORALITY

icapped families are unable, for one reason or another, to make successful use of voluntary birth control. In this event, sterilization offers a solution that is invaluable.

Through a conservative, intelligent, and sympathetic use of selective sterilization, the nation is thus having a larger proportion of its children born in homes that can give them both the best hereditary endowment and the best surroundings for growth and education.

A particularly puerile objection to sterilization, sometimes heard, is that it will not prevent the birth of *all* defective children. Whoever supposed that it would? When was a valuable measure rejected because it would not accomplish everything that could conceivably be desired? When did any community give up its warfare against tuberculosis because it could not save every life or abandon infant-welfare activities because they could not guarantee the life of every infant?

Sterilization will prevent the birth of many defective and handicapped children, without injuring any legitimate interest. That is enough to ask of it.

Another specious plea is that sterilization, if widely used, would prevent the birth of many normal children and even of a few who might be superior. What of it? The birth of normal children and of very superior children is being

prevented wholesale every year by the voluntary limitation of births in the white-collar class, because of economic pressure. If the nation's desire is for an increased number of normal and superior children, the nation should take some steps to promote childbearing in the educated and self-sustaining parts of the population, where it will get a maximum number of superior children and a minimum number of defectives. Encouraging the reproduction of the insane and feeble-minded ensures a minimum of superior children and a maximum of defectives. And, even though such handicapped parents produce a normal child, are they good parents to bring it up? Is America now so much in need of these few normal children that she must force them to be reared among the insane and the feeble-minded? How long will they remain normal in such homes?

Selective sterilization is not a panacea. No one ever claimed that it would prevent the birth of all defective children. It is claimed, and the claim is abundantly supported by facts, that it will prevent the birth of many children who would either have defective heredity or be brought up in surroundings undesirable for any child.

That is enough to justify its inclusion as one of the measures indispensable to any intelligent and effective program of social welfare.

Futile Immorality

by JOHN A. RYAN

HUMAN STERILIZATION is currently supported by two fairly distinct arguments. They may be called, respectively, the popular and the relatively scientific.

The popular argument is employed by various groups: social workers, the superficial students of superficial eugenics, birth-control advocates, emotional reformers, "Nordics," and ignorant legislators. The relatively scientific argument is typified in Professor S. J. Holmes' book, *The Eugenic Predicament*, and in the paper by Dr. Popenoe appearing in this issue of THE FORUM.

All the American sterilization laws have been brought about mainly through the exploitation of the popular argument. It runs somewhat as follows: feeble-mindedness and criminal traits are grave social dangers; since they are hereditary, they can be prevented by sterilization; hence, a legal policy of sterilization is of primary importance in social betterment.

Only a minority of the sterilization laws have gone to the ridiculous length of assuming that a tendency or overmastering impulse toward criminal conduct is hereditary. In 1925, Utah passed an act providing for the steriliza-

tion of "sexual criminals." In the case of Davis, *Warden v. Walton*, decided April 9, 1929, the Supreme Court of that State upheld the constitutionality of the act but forbade the State authorities to sterilize a sexual criminal named Esau Walton, on the ground that they did not have sufficient evidence to show that he "was a potential parent of afflicted offspring and that his welfare would be promoted by sterilization." If the immunity thus judicially granted to Esau Walton should be upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States, an end would be put to the absurd assumption that criminal traits are hereditary and their possessors therefore appropriate subjects for sterilization.

As a comprehensive remedy for feeble-mindedness, sterilization is probably the shallowest proposal that has ever been made in dealing with a social problem. There is space here to summarize only its main deficiencies. A large but unknown portion of feeble-mindedness is not inherited at all. According to some authorities, at least one half of it is primarily due to bad environment, including the environment of the fetus. Of that which is hereditary, 89 per cent, according to R. A. Fisher,¹ is derived from persons who are not themselves feeble-minded but who are merely "carriers." Of course, these cannot be identified and must remain unsterilized. At the utmost, therefore, only 11 per cent of the hereditary feeble-minded could be kept out of existence through the device of sterilization. And this would be true of only the first generation. To decrease thereafter the proportion of the feeble-minded in the population by 10 per cent would "require about 68 generations, or 2,000 to 3,000 years."² Finally, there is the practical impossibility of applying this "remedy" to the overwhelming majority of the mentally deficient — that is, to those living outside institutions. Dr. Popenoe has suggested that mental defectives in the public schools might be sterilized at the age of puberty.³ Obviously, this object could not be achieved except through State compulsion. In all probability, Dr. Popenoe will be a long time dead before this end is legally brought about.

¹ The Journal of Heredity: vol. 18, pp. 529-531

² Jennings: The Biological Basis of Human Nature

³ Gosney and Popenoe: Sterilization for Human Betterment, p. 133

II

THE IGNORANCE which underlies the popular arguments for comprehensive sterilization is particularly glaring when we consider the best scientific opinion on the subject.

Human sterilization is not by any means the solution of the problem of the feeble-minded and the mentally diseased. Instead, it creates new problems.⁴

There are two other reasons against a policy of sterilizing as many mental defectives as possible. . . . The first is the difficulty of judging who is defective. . . . The second reason is more important. Do you honestly believe that a mental defective in a rich family is as likely to be chosen for sterilization as one in a poor family?⁵

It is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge about the causation of mental defects, to forecast with certainty whether a child of any given union will exhibit mental abnormalities.⁶

As an example of the relatively scientific argument for sterilization, we turn to Dr. Popenoe's article, preceding this. He seems to have abandoned his earlier notion that the mentally deficient outside of institutions can be brought under the authority of sterilization laws, even though they be pupils in the public schools. He seems to realize that compulsory sterilization must be restricted to the inmates of institutions and merely claims that it "will prevent the birth of many defective and handicapped children . . . of many children who would either have defective heredity or would be brought up in surroundings undesirable for any child."

In these quoted clauses, the word "many" is greatly misleading. The total number of persons sterilized in the 28 States where the operation has been performed was, on January 1, 1935, only 20,063. Speaking absolutely, we may apply to this number the word "many." Nevertheless, 20,000 is a negligible proportion of the approximately 5,000,000 mentally diseased persons and the approximately 5,000,000 technically feeble-minded persons in the United States, as estimated by Gosney and Popenoe. Twenty thousand is .002 of this aggregate number, or one in 500. Moreover, the sterilization of these 20,000 extended over 30 years.

⁴ Dr. J. H. Landman: Human Sterilization, p. 268

⁵ Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, in a radio address over Station WJZ, New York City, about March 1, 1935

⁶ Dr. Morris Fishbein, in The New York Times, March 3, 1935

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About the only important statement that can be made in favor of sterilization thus limited to institutions is that it may mean a financial saving to the States, as compared with a policy of segregation, of several hundred or several thousand dollars a year. But even this trifling amount does not represent a social saving; for, as Dr. Landman, quoted above, observes, segregation is "on the whole more conducive to their happiness and less costly, by and large, than would be their discharge from care, which sterilization would entail." If there is any other situation to which the figure of Horace about the mountain in labor bringing forth a mouse is more applicable, I am unable to think of it at the present moment.

III

ONE VERY SERIOUS objection and obstacle to sterilization is not adverted to at all by Dr. Popenoe. It is the conscientious and determined and universal opposition of the Catholic portion of our population. No Catholic can lawfully support sterilization in any manner whatever. The Catholic citizen may not vote for a candidate who advocates it; the Catholic legislator is bound to oppose all sterilization bills and laws; the Catholic surgeon may not take part in the operation. Is it either fair or wise to offend the conscientious beliefs of such a large proportion of American citizens? Catholics will continue to oppose all extensions of such legislation and to work for the repeal of the laws already enacted. This antagonism and the resulting dissension among believers in genuine measures of social betterment are too high a price to pay for the meager and uncertain benefits attainable under a policy of sterilization.

In his Encyclical on Christian Marriage, issued December 31, 1930, Pope Pius XI unequivocally condemned sterilization, in these words:

Public magistrates have no direct power over the bodies of their subjects; therefore, where no crime has taken place and there is no cause present for grave punishment, they can never directly harm or tamper with the integrity of the body, either for reasons of eugenics or for any other reason.

This pronouncement is in line with the traditional teaching of the Church on human rights and on the dignity of the human person. In his

very able book, published in English under the title *Political Theories of the Middle Age*, Otto Gierke points out that throughout the medieval doctrine

runs the thought of the absolute and imperishable value of the individual . . . that every individual by virtue of his eternal destination is at the core somewhat holy and indestructible . . . that every man is to be regarded by the community never as a mere instrument but also as an end.¹

This teaching is the only adequate safeguard of the fundamental human rights. When public appreciation of the sacredness of the individual is weakened, all human rights are put in jeopardy. When this happens, the compulsory sterilization not merely of the mentally deficient but of "socially inadequate" persons becomes not only conceivable but practicable and imminent. Compulsory birth control and the killing of all sorts of incurables likewise come within the range of feasible social policies. Indications of this trend in the United States are already perceptible in the advocacy of such measures of so-called eugenis, in the instances of pressure brought by administrators of public relief upon economically helpless women to submit to sterilization, and in Dr. Popenoe's intimation that a mentally deficient husband should be sterilized against his will, even if his wife should withhold her consent.

Dr. Popenoe refers slightly to opposition "which is based on theological or doctrinaire grounds" and declares that such opponents "are not concerned with the facts of the case." The opponents thus stigmatized are, of course, the Catholics of the United States. Their objection is "theological" in so far as it is based upon the moral law implanted in human nature by God. It is "doctrinaire" only in the sense that it rests upon everlasting principles, not upon temporary and materialistic expediency. It disregards Dr. Popenoe's "facts" because it holds that the laws of morality are far more important facts than the paltry saving of money to the State.

Such is the immovable basis of Catholic opposition to sterilization. We will continue to fight against this immoral policy with all the power and influence and resources that we can command.

¹ pp. 81-82

Tragedies of the Psychopathic:

The Painful Case of Mr. Pring

by **PHYLLIS MCGINLEY**

DRAWINGS BY SCOTT JOHNSTON



Mr. Llewellyn Bascom Pring
Enjoyed a social gathering.
Of artless and gregarious mind,
He loved to mingle with his kind,
When jest and anecdote and quip
Proclaimed a jovial fellowship,
And took some pride in thinking he
Could hold his own at repartee.

Likewise, for years, had he survived
Ordeal by parlor game. He thrived
On Twenty Questions, Spin the Plate,
Bridge — auction, contract, duplicate —
Backgammon, Salvo, anything!
A sterling fellow, Mr. Pring,
Alert, informed, amusing, hearty,
The life of almost any party.

But, ah, no more, a pleasant devil,
Does Mr. Pring go forth to revel!
A blight has come upon him. Now
He sits and broods and beats his brow
Or, shunned by every erstwhile crony,
Pours out a solitary pony.

In that well-bred, that tidy world,
Where once his choicest mots were hurled,
Somehow a whisper got about,
Became a voice, a call, a shout,
Relentless as the tones of Fate,
That Mr. Pring was out-of-date!

For all his friends had lately found
Their minds exceedingly unsound
And spent their time, like manic elves,
Exploring their subconscious selves.
But Mr. Pring, precise and formal,
Persisted still in being normal.

He could not learn the sweet diversion.
All Greek it was to him, or Persian.

Not that he didn't search and probe,
To prove himself some sort of phobe
And join the thwarted comradehood.
It simply wasn't any good.

Absorbed, he barked while Mrs. Vail,
A tender blonde, in rich detail
Sketched for the crowd that childish fright
Resulting in her Fear of Height.
He dimly heard the long relation
Of Mr. Hunter's sin fixation
And sulked in silence while the others
Debated why they loathed their mothers
Or could not ride on Els or lusted
Or were devoutly maladjusted.

"Now, Mr. Pring," they'd cry at length,
"What old frustration saps your strength?
Our circle intimate and close is.
Come, bare your favorite neurosis."

In vain, in vain, he strove in vain
Some psychopathic pool to drain.
His thought, his acts, his very dreams
Ran clear and cool as meadow streams.
Those curious flames, the words that fanned
them —

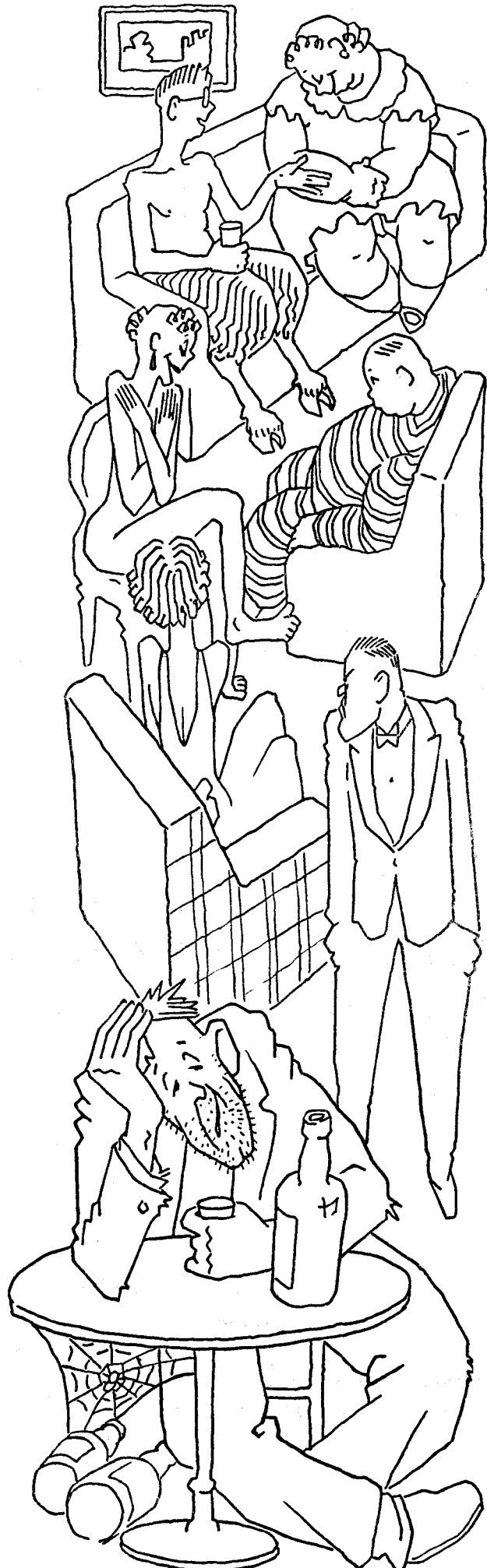
He couldn't even understand them.

A primrose by a river's brim
A simple primrose was to him
And not the Freudian's primal credo.
A startled faun, his shy libido
Fled timidly away from capture.
Ah, not for Mr. Pring the rapture
Of laying out for all to see
His special abnormality!

At last his friends, with one accord,
By such a dullard soundly bored,
Decided in agreement tacit
That Pring was not a social asset
And went their ways, each one immersed
In his respective Wienerwurst.

So Mr. Pring, to solitude's
Bosom delivered, sits and broods
And grows a beard and gathers moss
And knows himself a Total Loss.

Kind reader, ponder on this story.
If you desire to garner glory
Or any sort of aptness claim
At this most novel parlor game,
Go find frustrations of your own,
Lest, like poor Pring, you sit alone,
No more a host, no longer guest,
Unwept, unbonored, unrepressed!



Impotent America

The Trouble with the Arts

by **RALPH M. PEARSON**

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, in her privately supported Val-Kill furniture shop, copies Colonial styles.

The Supreme Court of the United States has just completed the vast project of housing itself in a magnificent adaptation of a Greek temple.

Colleen Moore has spent ten years of energy and four hundred thirty-five thousand of her hard-earned dollars to build a miniature fairy castle of medieval design.

Al Smith, product of the sidewalks of New York, lives with the furnishings of some long-dead king — I forget at the moment exactly which one.

These are leading citizens. Why do they do these peculiar things?

They do these very peculiar things because they are the more or less innocent victims of inherited attitudes of mind which are typical of our civilization and which insure in them and in society a divorce from the creative art experience.

These attitudes, which today prevent the functioning of the creative mind in fields associated with the plastic arts, are the practical mind, with its absorptions in the concrete and its starvation of the senses; the unbalanced intellectualism, which *knows* but cannot *feel*; habits of passivity and the resultant fears of ignorance expressed so effectively by our love of the antiquarian; the acquisitive instinct, with its go-getting distractions from the experiencing of quality; and the overweening prides and snobberies that try to compensate for spiritual poverty. The profit motive in business and its servant, the commercial press, cater to and thereby encourage these weak spots in the national mind, for devious greedy reasons — thus proving them to be majority phenomena.

THE PRACTICAL MIND

THE PRACTICAL mind believes in tangibles instead of intangibles. It approves hard work, not as experience but as a means to some practical end, such as accumulating a competence for the future. Busy-ness has an inherent virtue, regardless of its results. Idleness or mere contemplation is sin. As it hardens with age or the set patterns of a circumscribed life, it becomes increasingly intolerant of all deviations from its own type.

The natives of a New England village dependent on summer boarders for their living ran out of town every tearoom that stayed open late at night. It was wicked to have noisy music and laughter that interfered with sleep. And one village housewife, renting rooms as her only business, asked an artist grandmother to leave her virtuous roof because she came in from a party at midnight. It is the emotional fridity of this widely prevalent practical mind which starves the arts as it starves itself.

When pilgrims were coming hundreds of miles to see the new Orozco mural at Dartmouth, the native who had walked a few blocks to see this national masterpiece was hard to find. He knew about it, yes; there had been a lot in the papers; but this was art, and why go to see a work of art? The sense of remoteness was so ingrained, so complete that no vestige of an idea that this work might mean something was present.

The materialistic mind sees pictures materialistically. The practical matters of faithfully recording known facts are important. Skill, as the means to this practical end, is the chief virtue of the artist. All invention, creation, reorganization are taboo. The emotional values of design are “frills” or, in the case of an intellectual like Craven, a “means to an end.”

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The modern movement is "insanity" or a "passing fad."

It was this state of mind, together with its concomitant intellectualism, that was mainly responsible for the gradual decline of art into naturalism typical of the past four hundred years of art history. It is this attitude which makes the recovery so slow, merely because it is incapable of assimilating and understanding the art of the picture. It is this limitation at work in the minds of the advisory committee to the government in the selection of artists to paint murals for the Department of Justice and Post Office buildings in Washington that is responsible for the usual confusion of the plastic and naturalistic schools in the approved list of eleven artists. Six of the eleven — Benton, Biddle, Poor, Robinson, Sterne, and Wood — know modern plastic design in varying degrees and so, in spite of other limitations, have the basic equipment for the art of mural painting. Four — Curry, Kent, Kroll, and Marsh — are naturalistic artists innocent of this knowledge. Also they are easel painters. On both counts they are basically unequipped to paint a mural. Savage, as a decorative naturalist, can be called a muralist, if one is not too critical, thus giving seven with the minimum artistic equipment. Perhaps one should be satisfied with such an advance over former government requirements. But the confusion of elemental standards is so needless.

INTELLECTUALISM

THE UNBALANCED intellectualism which knows but cannot feel is rarely recognized as the preventative of sensory experience that it is.

An adult with the usual accumulation of contemporary habits will be trying to mold clay into interesting forms freely and with emotional abandon. In order to segregate the experience of sensing form as form, and formal relationships as such, from all extraneous interferences, subject is forbidden. Form for its own sake is the goal. Hands squeeze the clay aimlessly while waiting direction from mind. Mind remembers rules about contrast, balance, dominance, or what it has been told about planes, etc. and begins consciously, with strained effort, to apply. Results are stiff, labored, tight, and uninteresting. The individual is tired, cross, and bored.

Revolt flares. "Guess I have no talent. I

don't like modeling" — these are the normal reactions. "Of course you don't get anywhere," answers the creative teacher. "Of course you are bored. Your attitude is intellectual. Creating must be a feeling process. Let yourself go so fast and furiously that mind has no chance to direct. Then see what happens."

With constant encouragement and no end of brutal demolishings and restartings, the clay begins to mold itself into unpredictable shapes. Surprisingly, they become actually interesting. More surprising, the process becomes easy, the strain disappears, spirit rises with use. Sensing has taken the place of thinking. Feeling of knowing. Hands flying into and over the clay, punching, rolling, molding, seem to be released from all control, seem to be freed to be themselves. The mysterious power that leaps into them is uncanny. Where does it come from? We can't tell. Forces are at work that are beyond those of conscious mind. The whole body, instead of only the consciously thinking part of mind, seems to be functioning. All faculties have come awake. Boundaries have disappeared. Rules and instructions are forgotten. There is direct contact between the whole person and the clay. In two brief hours the habits of a lifetime have been broken and the normal creative powers of the individual released.

The process can take place with any medium — paint, sound, movement, words. It can happen in the field of appreciation just as in the field of practice. The art historian, the archaeologist can be blind to the art in the works each studies and describes so thoroughly. This points the fallacy in all art-appreciation teaching based on the archaeological approach. It can teach intellectual appreciation of matters of fact but it cannot deal with or "get" the *feel* of qualities, because these cannot be realized through thinking. The prevailing preoccupation, in pictures, with subject is an intellectualizing and therefore a denaturing of what should be primarily an emotional or sensory process. The intellectual attitude of mind is not an aesthetic misdemeanor in itself. It is rather a distraction, a curtailment. It distracts from the full, deep, rich experience. It builds a fence around a part of the art experience and limits the aesthetic adventuring of its addicts to that part. Its cure is an excessive emotional abandon.

ANTIQUARIANISM

ANTIQUARIANISM is a state of mind that has been exceedingly useful to our civilization because it has filled the gap between the crude but honest backwoods culture of the pioneer and the mature, complex, indigenous culture available to the truly civilized individual adult of today. At its healthiest, and rarest, it is history, with its rewards for research and scholarship and its interest in the preservation of the distinguished works of the past. At its unhealthiest, and commonest, it is romance, daydream, and a welcome escape from the responsibility of making contemporary decisions. Antiquarianism, in its present profit-stimulated popularity, is an impediment that clutters up and slows down the march of progress. It is the safety-first motto of the parvenu and the aesthetically illiterate. It is the jailer of the mind who locks out the new and unsafe aesthetic adventure.

Antiquarianism is mental insulation from new ideas and new productions. It is the death warrant of the creative mind, the dispossession notice which dumps the creative worker into the street and leaves him there to starve. As a state of mind affecting the individual and his national environment, it is a rather tragic affair.

Mrs. Roosevelt, our first lady of the land, as already noted, has for many years fostered a furniture workshop on her home estate, where, with sturdy and honest craftsmanship, copies of Colonial furniture are produced for sale. The booklet describing the enterprise has this to say:

VAL-KILL FURNITURE

Consisting of

Reproductions and Adaptations
of Early American Furniture.

"When you secure a piece with the Val-Kill hallmark you have an heirloom by which your Great-Great-Grandchildren will still remember you."

But *will* our great-great-grandchildren remember us, the *copiers*, when they gaze at these beloved heirlooms? What is to prevent their minds from slipping back to the source, from forgetting the relatively unimportant matter of the reproducing and remembering the producing in Colonial days? No, Mrs. Roosevelt is backing the wrong horse. Honest craftsmanship is not enough. If she would only forget both the past and the future — remembering

and being remembered — and deal creatively with the problem of evolving furniture that is an expression of our needs, ideals, and tempo, then she would be adding to, instead of mimicking, our inheritance.

Genuine antiques of distinction are often true works of creative art, demanding unstinted appreciation. They should be valued and preserved. They should not be lived with, for the simple reason that they are not, as expressions of the spirit of an age, in harmony with us. Our age — our tempo, thoughts, ideas, occupations, beliefs, and environment — is not that of the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth or Louis XIV. Nor is it that of our Colonial forefathers. To resurrect their furnishings from the graves of their civilizations and sit, lie, or walk on them as the most intimate parts of our everyday environment is grotesquely discordant. This discord shrieks at us, in spite of the "charming color harmonies" that are the stock in trade of the decorating profession.

The interior decorator, in our present economy, is a sort of licensed purveyor of affluent respectability. As a professional expert, he serves in person only the upper classes. In his pseudonym of "stylist," he serves (through the manufacturer, the retailer, the women's page, and the Ladies Home Magazines) the millions. It is sufficient to read his creed as stated officially in his own words:

Before the change from drabness to the colorful, livable homes of today could successfully be made, guidance was needed — guidance from those who had made a study of the art of past ages in order that the best from all ages could be reproduced to make the modern home lovely.

Business, quite understandingly, has seized on antiquarianism as a stabilizer of profit. A manufacturing concern cannot be forever experimenting with new ideas and evolving styles. Designing new modes is costly and uncertain. Quantities of buyers can never be satisfied. The great public does not like the new and different. It is distrustful of its own judgment. It wants to play safe, to buy something which is of such acknowledged correctness that the neighbors cannot smile at its selection. Hence the inevitable standardizing of taste and production, through the promulgation of styles — period for furniture and architecture, Parisian for the more contemporary fields of dress and modern art. When business is forced out of an-

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tique safety by any volume demand that cannot be ignored for reasons of prestige, it must in self-defense, which means profit defense, try to stabilize that new demand. Paris is such a stabilizing refuge. In the last few years the wider understanding of modern design has forced a business swing toward American styles — a swing which will reverse itself at any pull of profit gravity.

THE ART MUSEUM

THE ART MUSEUM is another concrete illustration of our national state of aesthetic impotence. Supported mainly by gifts from the barons of finance (conscience-salving gestures of absolution from the sins of using private power to extract wealth from their less aggressive fellow citizens), the art museum is the votive offering stuck on the walls of the shrine of some St. Peter, in grateful acknowledgment of the magic and privately tapped fountain of gold. In other words, the bequests to the art museums are neither gifts to art for its direct, firsthand value nor to the living, creative minds which produce it but to the Olympian goddess remote in time and space who can grant the magic favor — if only of respectability.

Art is the measure of civilization; let us then import great art of the past, house it in copies of majestic Greek temples, and presto! we become certainly civilized.

There will be no doubts about it, as there might be if we financed contemporary art and possibly made mistakes in judgment. The old mistakes are certified. Incidentally, of course, in these endowments of art, a monument is being raised to a Mr. Morgan, a Mr. Frick, a Mr. Havemeyer which will outlast his money-gathering fame and confer cultural distinction thereon.

So sired, and mothered by a universal (even if smothered) craving for a satisfaction of the visual sense such as cannot be granted by the chaos of the natural scene, the art museum was born, and grew lustily among us. As a social expression of our stage of cultural development, it is the perfect evidence of our divorce from art. Not only do its copied buildings and antique collections — with their attendant assumption that “appreciation” of art is caught, like a germ disease, by exposure to an outside source of contagion — testify to

this divorce; so does the personnel of control and management.

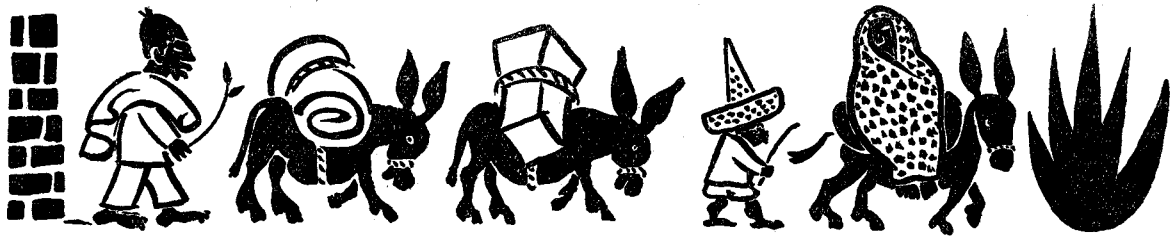
Since the museum is the child of finance, the depository of large cash endowments, and the home of costly works, it must obviously be managed wisely by practical men — men who know money values and can conserve them, who will inspire the confidence of wealthy patrons and so attract more endowments. The fact that such financiers, even though they may have learned something about art, normally have no perception of the meaning of art as an experience does not disbar them from the board of directors; it invites them to membership. And they choose the actual director — usually a man trained in this school of divorce, to satisfy cautious specialists in profitable investment and to infect the public with the germ of preserved art. The fact that some directors humanize and modernize this setting by adding art schools (usually of the naturalistic type) and exhibitions of contemporary work and so bringing the thing alive mitigates the falseness of the whole but cannot change the basic fact.

As a storehouse for the preservation of the great art of the past and as a reference library where the specialist or the student may observe and study, the art museum has a very great value, and should be preserved. The assumption that it is the source of the art experience is a delusion and a snare. It deludes the public by deflecting it from participating experience into the romance of hero-worship. It is a snare because the social eminence and prestige conferred upon the museum by the general opinion that it is the seat of culture, that its directors are the Delphic Oracles of the world of art, that it is the source from which art appreciation flows tend to clinch the deflection and so stabilize our pathetic state of divorce.

The forces of negation, then, are rampant in our midst. They are entrenched in positions of power. They dictate what we can see and buy wherever products closely or remotely related to art enter the domain of trade. They stifle adventure. They discourage the self-realizations of creative practice. They crucify the creative mind.

And they all root merely in a lack of knowing, feeling, and sensing and in the fears instilled by that lack.

Mexico on \$20 a Month



by MARION LAY

TWENTY DOLLARS a month have covered my expenses for the past six months, and I've been having a wonderful time because I live in the City of Mexico. It's better than the Left Bank, when a dollar bought a lapful of francs, or Bali, wangling dinners with better-off friends and borrowing postage stamps to write home. It's better than managing, perilously, on a dollar a day in the States, even in panic times. And I've never seen the month anywhere that twenty dollars would maintain an independent man or woman away from the soil in physical and mental sanity, particularly one who combines, as I do, a passion for cleanliness with insistence upon open country and gardens near at hand, a mania for outdoor sports, and a yen for a little good wine and good theater. The little budget I'm about to describe does not require you to go old-hat Bohemian or even to live like a beachcomber.

My poverty is fairly commonplace, except that instead of tying me to one spot it forces me to travel. Traveling to write for publication means writing in order to travel. But this high-sounding machinery of my existence sometimes slips a cog. There was this year, for instance. Only one check, and six months to go.

If there are many different ways of spending twenty thousand dollars a month, be assured the variety is even greater in disposing of twenty. Even in the perpetual sunshine of Mexico, where you can open a green coconut, half fill it with rum, and shake up a milk punch, self-discipline is supremely important.

In a tiny budget there must be perfect balance between necessities of the body and those of the spirit. I feel a little pharisaical, offering my budget as a model, yet here I am, feeling marvelously fit and refreshed, and what I have done anyone, I am sure, can do. Only learn your Spanish better than you did your French that year in Paris or your German in Munich. One failure to trill a double "rr" will betray you in the market place for the American zany you are, and you'll be overcharged accordingly. I live as a native, not a tourist. That means that when an Indian offers me anything for fifty centavos I say thirty. When he says forty-eight I say thirty-two, until he leaves off haggling and the bargain is struck at thirty-five.

II

DIRECTLY I changed my monthly stipend for seventy silver pesos at a *casa de cambio*, I bought a part of a ticket in the National Lottery from a pretty, barefooted seller with a baby strapped to her back by her scarf or *rebozo*. This set me back twenty-five centavos, or about seven cents. For the same price I bought three streetcar tickets and journeyed on one of them, fifteen minutes by my watch, into the Colonia Roma.

After some tramping about, I found rooms with board in a Mexican family. One for myself and one for my husband, who was to follow. My room, spacious, painted beige and white, is furnished with almost beautiful economy. A bed, a pigskin chair, a wardrobe, and a small

MEXICO ON \$20 A MONTH

table. Its large window gives on to the *privada*, or inner court, separated from the noise of the street by a long corridor. It is cool, mornings, when I work, and gets the sun in the afternoon, when I take a siesta after the midday meal. An agreeable *señora* translates my every want to her *criadas*, of whom there are always a dusky army, even in the humblest of Mexican homes. Laundry and mending are included with room and board for the price of fifty pesos a month.

It seems I have been fortunate in the choice of a room, for the *señora* and her husband are dispossessed hacienda people from Guajuato. Her economy is miraculous. After eating one of her dinners and recalling your grocery bills at home, you'd say the viands for ten people had cost her at least that many dollars. But her market baskets, brought from the big Merced shortly after dawn, have usually set her back only a few pesos.

Breakfast, whenever you wake up, is a ripe orange, a pot of hot milk, coffee, Spanish rolls, and a boiled egg. Dinner is a choice soup, two bountiful meat-and-vegetable courses, a fruit or sweet, and coffee. If some of the chili dishes are too sharp for your Northern tongue, take to them gradually. In my own case, the turkey in red *mole* and the green chilis *rellenos* have become my favorite dishes. *Cena*, the light evening meal, served sometime between eight and eleven, is the same as breakfast, but may be varied with a few purchases in the block. A *torta*, costing fifteen centavos, about four cents, is a huge crisp *bolillo*, split and filled sandwich-fashion with barbecued kid, sliced tomato, alligator pear, bean paste, chopped onions and lettuce, pickled chilis, and sour cream. The streets are lined at dusk with *tamal* wagons. The tamales have been steaming all day in huge kettles. They cost a little over a cent apiece, unless you want extra chicken, in which case you may be asked to pay three. Allowing two pesos for such extras, in addition to the fifty for the *señora*, I still have eighteen left for pleasure.

My first purchase under that heading is two bottles of wine. The first should be a good muscatel. This heavy, sweet wine is for the guests who happen by your room. It can be bought in beautiful gold bottles decorated with tassels and costs but one peso. Do not misunderstand me. All the Spanish wines here

are good, and muscatel is the most dependable of all. But for myself I buy a second bottle, a plain, ungilded bottle of manzanilla, a dry sherry from the Spanish seacoast. The most superior of all is the Valdespiño, costing four pesos, but a good grade of Valdespiño manzanilla may be bought for three. That's less than a dollar. It is an aid to the digestion at this high altitude. It is not acid like most table wines. It has a zestful flavor and a salutary effect on the spirit. Indeed, in all ways it enriches life.

I set aside from three to four pesos for reading matter. I buy Tauchnitz paperbacks or Albatross paperbacks and issues of some U. S. news weekly or Sunday newspaper at the American Books Store or Misrachi's. American books are now brought out in these cheap European editions only a few weeks after they are issued at from two to four dollars in the States. If you enjoy reading Spanish, French, or German, the variety of books you can obtain for a few centavos is tremendous. Secondhand bookstalls all over Mexico offer treasures for sale in English for almost nothing, not realizing their value. For instance, I carried home a complete edition of Bancroft's works for two pesos.

Six pesos I save for sports. One month this may provide me with steam baths, swims, and massage every four or five days at a well-kept public bathing place where every much-touted luxury of the Romans may be enjoyed for ninety centavos, or twenty-five cents. The masseuse is a gigantic Aztec woman who knows muscles. There are two fine white-tiled pools, one for men and women and one for women only. Another month, I had six beautiful rides on a tender-mouthed little Virginia saddle horse I rented at the Welton Pension for horses. Another month, I accepted a friend's invitation to play golf, paying my own green fees. Chapultepec Heights offers hills, Churubusco Country Club water hazards. Several hiking clubs go into the mountains on Sundays. Visitors from the States are always welcome guests. I keep in touch with these groups through the papers and go out with them whenever their itineraries sound interesting. Next to swimming, the most popular sport in Mexico is tennis, and it is not difficult to find tennis courts for *frontón*, lawn, or squash, at very small fees.

III

WITH four or five pesos left for transportation, I can travel about on those frightening *camiónes* to an amazing number of places. The *camiónes* are used by every social class in Mexico. They go everywhere that there is anything more definite than a burro trail. To the Agricultural School at Chapingo, where Diego Rivera painted his greatest frescoes to date. To Xochimilco, Montezuma's floating gardens, where you hire a little punt and recline under an awning while a boatman poles you through a maze of canals bordered by flowering islands and tall willows. It is the big, pink paper poppies one remembers perhaps longest of all. The boatman, if you ask him, will bring along a charcoal stove and clay pan. You had best provide your own sandwiches, lard, salt, and a bottle of beer. The best Monterrey Pilsner is eight cents a bottle. When a fisherman pulls his little *chalupa* alongside yours, you refuse to buy his carp but, when he offers a string of fine little whitefish, like trout, you bargain quickly. Then you clean and fry them under the awning. While you are eating, a guitarist in another shallop will pursue you with tunes. If you like the music you toss him a toston.

Contreras is little more than a hour from town. Take a picnic lunch from your boarding place. Here you can spend all day beside a swift mountain stream in a rain-washed forest or in the yard of an ancient church that looks out over the whole valley of Mexico, the only sounds on the edge of the Contreras village the singing of woodcutters at their work, the tolling of bells, the mooing of cows.

The pyramids of Teotihuacán are also reached by bus. Here the Mexican government has restored the plaza of an ancient city, even to the stone carvings on some of the buried pyramids that were once painted in brilliant colors like the Greek Parthenon. The huge Pyramid of the Sun is considered by some travelers more exciting than Egypt. You climb to the top, try to come down without assistance, buy a little black-and-white pottery, and go through the



museum. That is interesting, even if you aren't an archaeologist. Afterward, you sit in the sun, eating the lunch you brought in the knapsack and wondering about the men who built the pyramids. . . .

Cuernavaca, made famous by the Morralls and the Rivera frescoes in the palace of Cortes, is just over the mountain from the capital and down the other side, into the lush tropical country of Morelos. I think it is the most beautiful drive in the Republic. The place abounds in big fresh-water swimming pools, and shoppers find here the best assortment of *petate* hats and sandals and strange tropical fruits. A few more pesos will take you by *camión* to Taxco, the artists' town, where the work of painters, American and Mexican, of native weavers and tinsmiths is always on exhibit. Joseph de la Borda's rich cathedral is still a show place, and the little red-roofed houses are more charming than anything this side of the Béarn country. They cling like mollusks to their perilous hillside shelves, and one wonders why their brilliant flower gardens don't tumble down into the ravine from which José, the muleteer, took forty million pesos.

Amecameca, a short train run, is a heady little town in the daisy fields at the foot of the snow peak, Ixtacihuatl. Nothing ever looked so enormous to me as that glittering snow pile with the appearance of a sleeping woman, as our train went round her and the nearby Popocatepetl in the morning sunshine. Don't be alarmed if you see coral and jade-green mushrooms big as saucers in the plaza market. An Indian girl will eat one before your eyes just to show you they are safe. Several hours can be pleasantly killed here at the Sunday market, haggling over hunting knives, leather pouches, and other trophies. There's also a sacred hill where pilgrims at certain times climb all the way up to a shrine on their knees. The same bus that goes to Amecameca goes farther, to Cuautla, where there are famous sulphur baths, and where you buy bags of *chumiles*, bugs that you eat alive like popcorn or peanuts.

Toluca, not too far away for my purse, is a typical Mexican mountain town and worth going to see for the mountain people themselves, if not for the fine woolen homespuns sold for a song in the market, the trout dinner at the little hotel, the superior beer, sausages, and butter of which the natives are very proud.

MEXICO ON \$20 A MONTH

Only Taxco in this list will cost more than two or three pesos, round trip, and it is quite possible, for a few months, to enjoy oneself without leaving the city of Mexico at all.

IV

IN THE OLDEST part of the capital there is a little restaurant called Las Cazuelas (The Bowls). You enter it by way of the kitchen, where great clay pots of turkey in red *mole* and green *mole* and all of the other Mexican favorites are steaming on charcoal fires. Here one may sample fresh pulque, hard to find in the cities. Here, too, one hears guitarists and singers who know the genuine folk music of all the Mexican provinces. The Mariachi dancers come here, also. It is a noontime place. Two pesos will cover dinner, drinks, and songs.

In another old street, called the Carretónes, is the factory for making all the Mexican colored glass that people send to the States. In a special room devoted to slightly damaged pieces, one can pick up rare bargains. The National Palace Museum just off the Zócalo has relics of Spanish Colonial days and of later times, prehistoric stone wonders shipped from Mitla and Yucatán excavations, and handcraft exhibits from North and South. If you prefer living curiosities, there is the zoo in Chapultepec Park, where Mexican monkeys and wildcats, reptiles and fish are housed. The city markets are each separate, day-long adventures, from Lagunilla, where stolen silver and jewelry is peddled for nearly nothing, to San Juan, where game, sea food, flowers of the *pais*, and California fruits are sold rather dear.

I wait for the best Hollywood features to come to second-run neighborhood cinemas, where I can see them for thirty centavos, about eight cents. One can get tickets very cheaply to the current Roberto Soto show. He is Mexico's famous fat comedian, who has enjoyed immunity through half a dozen revolutions, taking cracks at the Governments, at rival generals, political opponents, and prisoners, with perfect freedom. All the pianists and violinists come this way from the United States and Europe, at lower prices than anywhere else, and, if you can stand the night chill and the floor drafts in the old Hidalgo Theater, the performances of the Mexican Symphony Orchestra are worth going to hear. Festivals are numerous, and at festival time traveling companies put up gaudy

show tents and give vaudeville programs with ten long acts for ten centavos. These are the *carpas*. Occasionally, genuine talent comes to flower in the *carpas*, and, even if the show doesn't amount to much, they are close to the people and worth going to see for a new viewpoint. For the same reason, one may wish to visit cockfight pits. Every stock show in Mexico has a special exhibit of fighting cocks, and the cockfights, although not usually suggested to tourists, are typically Mexican and worth taking in once or twice.



Feast days offer much free entertainment. There is the day of Santa Anita, when everyone goes to the flower canals early in the morning to shoot off fireworks and eat *tacos* and enjoy the flower festival of the natives. There is the day of Guadalupe, when a hundred thousand Indians of a fervent religious cult go at dawn to a hill outside the city and dance. Foreigners go in droves to watch them, fascinated perhaps by the merging of pagan rites in honor of the corn goddess and feats to commemorate a miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary on this spot.

Mexican Independence Day, September 16, is a combination of our New Year and Fourth of July celebrations, with something else again that is not ours. Everyone goes to the Zócalo at nightfall. Banks of floodlights make a fairyland of the big square, the Spanish Colonial Government palace, with red-velvet banners and gold sunbursts on each balcony and bejeweled women from the President's Ball leaning over the railings, the rococo municipal palace ablaze with lights, gay with flags, and fountains of fireworks playing in the central gardens. Mounted police with glittering epaulets canter up and down through the throngs of mountain men and plainsmen and men from the tropical seacoast and little dark women with bare feet, the lights glinting from their earrings and their fine white teeth. The little food stands everywhere dispense hot *pambacitos* over lard-oil flames. Babies wear generals' hats. Lovers embrace on the cathedral steps, entangled in confetti and caramel popcorn. At the hour of eleven, when Father Hidalgo in



1821 declared Mexico's independence from Spain with the cry of Dolores, a golden eagle is released from these steps, and flies off into the night and liberty. The fireworks are blinding. Six tiers of bronze bells are tolled deafeningly in the cathedral towers, while a fountain of colored fire and hissing rockets fills the plaza and the President of the Republic comes out on a balcony and cries, "Long live America; death to bad government." All this costs you nothing.

▼

MEXICO, the Spanish colonial city that was built on the smoking ruins of Montezuma's once-beautiful Aztec capital, with the arrival of the French became a world city. The unhappy Emperor Maximilian drove down the Paseo in a gilded coach made for him in Milan, Italy. Every year, the galleon from the Philippines sailed into Acapulco with all the precious things of the East for the silver grandees and their wives. French, Austrian, and German colonists came over and intermarried with the Mexicans. Porfirio Diaz, the dictator, looked to Paris and London in all things. French châteaux replaced many Moorish patios. English bootmakers followed English railroad and oil concessionaires. English banks established branches here, and English saddlemakers followed English horsemen. How snug and jolly everything was under Porfirio! But today, after a dozen revolutions to end revolutions, Mexico for the Mexicans emerges, Yankee to the hilt. Spelled "Yanqui" here. Welcome, ambassadors of good will. Welcome students. Welcome tourists. Didn't I visit a livestock show last year and see a prize sow with blue ribbons from Salem, Oregon, and some place in Montana?

You will hear, of course, that it is nice to live on the Paseo or in the beautiful suburb of San Angel or in that great deserted, pink-stone monastery you saw on the purple plain as the train rushed by. Don't. The Paseo is too far

from markets for your cook to shop cheaply. In San Angel you will be overcharged for everything. The pink monastery has no plumbing and will separate you from all mankind. If the more densely settled parts of the city strike fear into you because of an occasional flea, louse, or chinche, be not troubled. A little sulphur salve and creosote spray guards your person and your room against all of them. Tropical centipedes and scorpions do not climb way up here from the warm lowlands.

Living among foreigners removes the last vestiges of snobbery that at home made you whip your body and mind to greater and greater effort for the purpose of putting on a show you did not particularly enjoy, a show for old schoolmates or the family across the street or some bridge or poker circle. It is best while here to avoid the Anglo-American colony. That will not even be necessary if you make it known you have this budget in mind. It is they who will flee from you.

And do not count for anything upon the American Embassy or the American Consulate. For information, talk with the Mexican consul in New York or El Paso, an agreeable, intelligent fellow as a rule, anxious to help you. But if you should have the bad judgment to get in a Mexican jail, the Consulate is right behind the big iron horse, near the Alameda.

Clothes, in the usual sense, you will not need. A costume for cold weather, a costume for hot weather, and adequate protection from rain, and you are ready for all the tricks of this climate. Bring whatever shoes and cosmetics and manufactured articles you will need but no more luggage than is absolutely necessary. You don't want to be bothered with belongings. Besides, leather goods in Mexico are beautiful and very cheap.

It is best to remember on entering the country that the Spaniards who came here married the Indians. We descendants of the English who merely killed them are apt to forget that.

MEXICO ON \$20 A MONTH

It is no longer fashionable in Mexico to claim pure Spanish blood. A Spaniard in Mexico today is apt to be a small shopkeeper, recent *émigré* from Andalusia. The country's leaders are proud of their Indian heritage. There is wisdom, too, in following such customs of the land as resting the heart with a midday siesta at this high altitude and eating lightly before going to sleep at night.

All the glitter we save for hours after dark is expended on daytime activities here, in the processions before the bullfights, in the polo games, at matinees. All the pleasures usually associated with night life in the North, from ceremonious dinners to seduction, are enjoyed here at noon. The morning sun purifies the thin air and reaches down into the bone marrow. Living on my budget, there is an added incentive to early rising. At dawn I have the bathroom all to myself and wait for no one.

How, you may ask, can a country so amusing be so cheap to live in? It is not difficult to understand, when one considers that an excellent cook will work for fifteen pesos a month. Her relatives, living perhaps in the outlying Texcoco district, regard this as a small fortune, the cook herself as a lucky worldling. A fat turkey from a *ranchero* costs only three pesos. It is not a question of charity or even kindness, although everyone I have encountered anywhere here

has been extremely courteous. The *señora* who mends my things, the urchin who shines my shoes, the chauffeur who whirls me over the road to Chapingo, the masseuse at the baths all make their living from accepting just such payment as my budget permits. It all goes back to the tradition of a peasant class. When the riding academy can buy hay for the horses from a man content to load it on his burros and drive them some miles on foot from his dirt hut, returning there at night to play his guitar for his whole amusement, you may ride all morning the forest of Chapultepec on a pretty little sorrel for what it costs at home to go two blocks in a taxi.

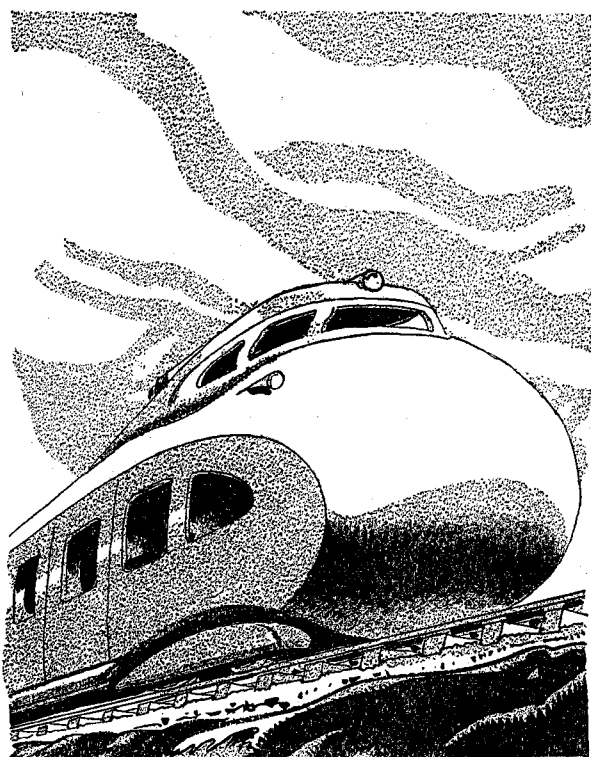
I've been writing about a budget, a very little budget, so I haven't mentioned the shoppers in Madero Street from four to eight, the club life, the froglegs at Prendes' or the lobster at Paolo's or the cocktails at Mac's. I haven't spoken of bidding on the jewelry of ruined nobility at the National Pawnshop or of taking a plane down to Yucatán to buy a matrimonial hammock. I haven't touched on hiring a fishing smack and shooting giant ray monsters off Acapulco or trekking into the Sierras Madres for tiger cats. These things await you if your fortune improves. In the meantime, living economically in Mexico is not a humiliation but an adventure.



Clear All Crossings!

The Railroads Get Up Steam

by **RUSSELL HOLT PETERS**



IT WAS NEARING 6 o'clock of a warm May afternoon, and the Burlington Railroad was putting on one of the greatest free shows ever staged. All day long its streamlined *Zephyr* had been scuttling between two lanes of cheering humanity and now was nearing Chicago at something like 100 miles an hour.

The gentleman in the seat beside me had been mellowed into a poetic mood at seeing so many well-wishers. On less romantic occasions he sits in charge of the city desk of the late Mr. Bonfils' *Denver Post* and, according to the best newspaper tradition, should be a very hard-boiled gentleman indeed. But his staff would never have known him that day as he rested an arm weary from waving and said, "You know, you can't help getting a kick out of helping to make history." And I, who should

also be a cynical fellow, after some years on a news desk, nodded in agreement. I couldn't say, "Yes." The sight of thousands of kindly persons who cheered and waved us on our way had caught at my throat.

The truth is, of course, that neither of us had any more to do with making history than you have. We were there as interested observers, getting what millions hope for and few succeed in obtaining — a free ride on the railroad. But the inescapable fact is that not only was history in the making but it was history such as few of us could foresee.

As best evidence I take you to the Union Station in Kansas City, where you can see one of the strangest sights in these United States — people standing in line to get on a train! And the train, of course, is the same little *Zephyr* that carried us nonstop from Denver to Chicago at 77.6 miles an hour. If you had told a railroad passenger agent 18 months ago that people would stand in line to ride on a train, he would have called in the local neurologist. I remember going to meet a friend, about that time, in Omaha. He was coming through on one of the crack trans-continental trains. The journey, he said, was pleasant but lonely. He would never have been lonely on the *Zephyr*, the demand for whose seats sometimes outruns the supply. Hence the Burlington, which shares our national aversion to losing a well-earned dollar, is about to insert a fourth car into this train.

Mr. Ralph Budd, who is President of the Burlington Railroad and patron saint of the *Zephyr*, looks upon his newest train with a kindly eye and says:

While I would not go so far as to predict that light, fast, streamlined trains will solve the passenger-competition problem for the railroads, I do think we are going in the right direction.

CLEAR ALL CROSSINGS!

To which anyone who has studied the situation will reply, "Amen!"

ACROSS THE PRAIRIES

NOW MR. BUDD and his colleague Carl Gray, who is President of the Union Pacific, are two as pleasant men as you will meet in a day's travel. Between them, however, they have turned railroading, in its passenger phases, upside down. Not within the recent memory of man have the roads seen such a scramble as they are now witnessing. And the causes of it all are the little *Zephyr* and the equally small *M-1000* belonging to the Union Pacific. The *M-1000* now trundles daily out of Kansas City across the Kansas prairies to Salina, to the great joy of persons along the line, who have become enthusiastic speed-train fans.

Because of them, a speed rash has broken out over the entire country. Travel to Chicago, if you would see it at its best. For Chicago is the starting point for 2 lucrative runs to the west and northwest — one to the Coast and one to St. Paul.

Competing for business between Chicago and St. Paul are 3 great railroads — the Burlington; the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific; and the Chicago & Northwestern. Convinced by the immediate success of the *Zephyr* that they were on the right track, Burlington officials last fall revealed that orders had been placed for two duplicates, which would go into the St. Paul service.

The first public reaction to this move came from the Northwestern. Late in December, in large newspaper advertisements, it announced the coming of the *400*. The *400*, said the Northwestern, would be the fastest train in regular operation on the American Continent. It would cut 2 hours and 50 minutes from the fastest previous schedule, and would cover the 400-mile run in 400 minutes. Its elapsed time was fixed at 7 hours.

Three months later, with the delivery of the 2 new *Zephyrs* only a few days away, Burlington announced they would operate on a 6-hour-and-30-minute schedule. Northwestern promptly met this move by slicing 30 minutes from the running time of the *400*.

The *Zephyrs* had hardly gone into service before the Milwaukee made its bid for a bigger share of the Chicago-St. Paul traffic. It unveiled, in the Schenectady shops of the Ameri-

can Locomotive Company, the potentially fastest steam locomotive in the world. Its 7-foot drivers roll it at a top speed of 120 miles an hour. Its huge axles revolve in roller bearings, and it needs no greasing or oiling from one end of the run to the other. Outwardly it bears not the slightest resemblance to the common version of the steam locomotive. It is streamlined throughout — as are the cars it will pull. Seen from the rear, this new train looks like a gargantuan "airflow" automobile, with its now familiar "beavertail."

With this newest addition to the fast trains running to St. Paul (the Milwaukee, needless to say, will also make the run in 390 minutes), we have a real testing ground for 3 distinct types of railway passenger transportation: the conventional, as represented by the *400*; the lightweight, superstreamlined Diesel-electric, exemplified by the *Zephyrs*; and the redesigned steam train, as conceived by the Milwaukee. Every transportation executive in the country is watching them with intense interest, and so are the builders of both the old-time steam locomotives and the new departures in transportation equipment, many of whose makers are coming into the business from the automobile industry.

But, spectacular as all this may be, it is no more so than the battle forthcoming on the transcontinental lines. Union Pacific will have 3 streamlined trains designed according to the experience gained with the *M-1000*. One of them was introduced to the public last autumn, when it broke all records for a Coast-to-Coast run. Since then it has been in the Pullman shops in Chicago, being fitted out for regular service. Another car has been added, making 7 in all, and additional power has been installed to handle it. When you read this, it should be in operation between Chicago and Portland, Oregon. It will be joined later by two 9-car trains, destined for the San Francisco and Los Angeles runs. All 3 are equipped with novel sleeping cars, in which the berths are almost like compartments. Meals will be served in them, they are fitted with wash basins, and for tall men they should be a godsend, since each car has several berths of extra length.

Union Pacific is going to cut about 20 hours from its Chicago-Coast schedule with these new trains and frankly announces itself a competitor of the airplane for this business. However,

THE FORUM

it will have a little competition also from the Santa Fe. This famous transcontinental road has ordered a 3,000-horsepower Diesel, which it will put in front of a conventional train, with the expectation of an average speed of something like 60.6 miles an hour all the way from Chicago to Los Angeles.

Up in the North, Northern Pacific is buying \$2,350,000 worth of chips in the speed game. It is busy streamlining and air conditioning its *North Coast Limited* for a fast run from Chicago to the Pacific. As this is written there are several other transcontinental lines to be heard from, but I think you may take it as a reasonable prediction that they will be there when the votes are being counted.

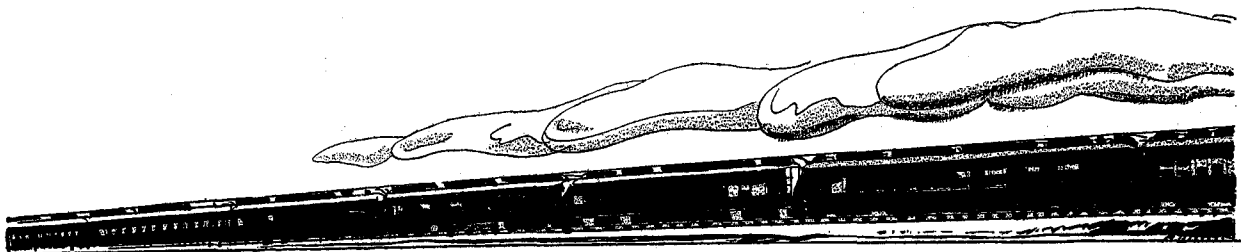
SPEED AND PROFITS

SWING TO the East and you will find those 2 conservatives, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, with new 17-hour schedules between New York and Chicago. The *Twentieth Century*, which was never very slow, now averages 56.47 miles an hour to meet the new running time. And this cutting of schedules is not the only faster activity of either the Central or the Pennsylvania. Awhile back, the latter committed itself to the expenditure of \$15,000,000 for the purchase of no less than 57 high-powered electric locomotives of streamline design. And the Central, which is tremendously proud of its Hudson-type passenger locomotives, sent one of them to its shops for a face lifting. The result is the *Commodore Vanderbilt*, a streamlined locomotive bearing considerable resemblance to the Milwaukee's new creation. It is as sleek as a wet muskrat and will pull you where you want to go with 35 per cent less resistance to the air at speeds between 70 and 90 miles an hour. I venture to say you will see quite a number of these streamlined locomotives before long. Right now you can find another down on the Baltimore & Ohio masquerading under the name of *Dolly*

Varden. But don't let that fool you. The *Dolly Varden*, for all its frivolous name, is really 20 years old and traveled quite a few miles before it went into the shops for a streamline beauty treatment. But the Baltimore & Ohio is likewise building a monster Diesel, of 3,600 horsepower.

From Baltimore to Bangor speed is in the air. The Central Railroad of New Jersey hooks 4 coaches and 2 Pullmans behind a streamlined locomotive and hustles them from Philadelphia to Jersey City in 88 minutes, which is not so bad for 99 miles. The New York, New Haven & Hartford calls in an airship builder, and the result is a speed train built by Goodyear-Zeppelin for 60-mile-an-hour operation between Boston and Providence. And the Boston & Maine and Maine Central give an order to the same Budd Manufacturing Company that built the *Zephyr* for a duplicate. This train is now rushing down to Boston every morning from Portland. It hardly has time to catch its breath in the North Station before it turns around and hustles up to Bangor. Arrived there, it heads south for Boston and finally winds up in the evening in Portland. When the day is done the train has covered some 700 miles, and the schedule between Boston and Bangor looks as if it had been through a saw-mill. Just 1 hour and 55 minutes have been taken from it.

Even the South, which isn't supposed to be in a hurry, has a high-speed train, on the Gulf, Mobile & Northern. The Illinois Central will cut more than an hour and a half from its Chicago-St. Louis schedule, with a 5-car Diesel. Burlington has ordered a 4-car *Zephyr*, to run between Burlington, Iowa, and St. Louis, and will presently attach a 3,000-horsepower Diesel to its crack *Aristocrat*, operating between Chicago and Denver. Missouri Pacific has an air-conditioned train between Omaha and Kansas City only 4 minutes slower for that run than the original *Zephyr*.



CLEAR ALL CROSSINGS!

If you are a trifle bewildered by the cause of all this rushing to and fro by our hitherto-rather-alooof railroads, I refer you again to the *Zephyr*. Take a look at its record. After a month of operation the *Zephyr* boasted an increase in passenger business, for the run, of 111 per cent over its steam predecessor. And its daily earnings were some \$440 more a day. There is enough food for thought in those two figures to keep traffic managers engaged for some time.

THE MEN WHO TURN THE WHEELS

WHILE THEY are engaged in thinking, let us turn to another and less pleasant side of the railroad picture. If you read only of railroads spending money for new equipment and of railroads running at highly increased speeds, you may get an idea they are sinfully prosperous. On the contrary, our railroads right now are not unlike an acrobat seeking to keep his balance on a wire supported by two shaky props. Their balancing equipment, their hope for equilibrium, is new methods and new equipment. Their shaky props are incipient labor trouble and inability to meet fixed charges.

First consider labor. It took 43 cents from every dollar received in 1933 by the railroads as operating revenue. No other single charge against the railroads approaches it, and it stands out, therefore, as the biggest target for attack in any discussion of economies of operation. What is its justification? How can the brotherhoods defend themselves against a charge of taking too much of the railroad dollar when many lines are fighting for their very existence?

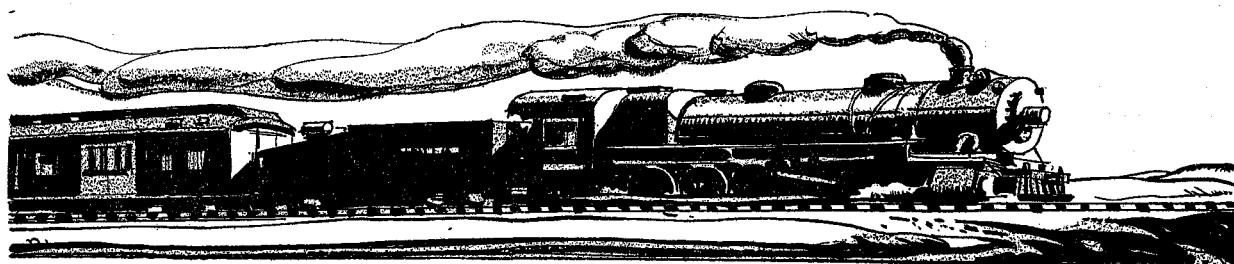
I think labor executives will tell you, and correctly, that labor is getting no more of the dollar than it did in 1929. They can cite you the railroads' own figures to prove that labor charges in relation to operating revenue have been fairly constant since 1921. They can show

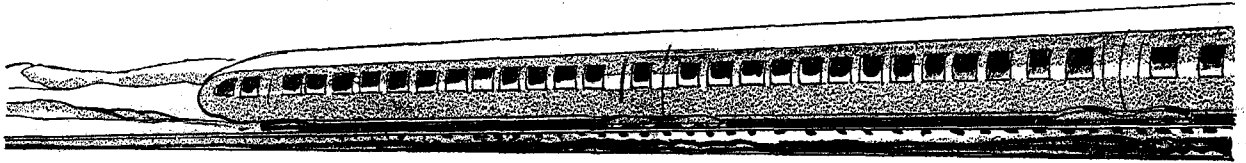
you that labor has taken its share of misfortune in the depression through a reduction of almost 700,000 in operating personnel since 1929 and that there are more than 1,000,000 fewer persons working for the railroads than in the peak year of 1920. Railroad labor executives would like to do something about that. Following the national trend, they are demanding a 36-hour week instead of the present 48, and at no reduction in wages. To meet that demand the railroads would have to dig up \$400,000,000 annually. It is a flat impossibility under present conditions.

Instead of adding to the wage bill — apart from the increase — approximately \$100,000,000 — which came with the final restoration of pay cuts in April — the railroads would like to find some way to get it down. Their argument runs something like this.

Labor itself is to blame for much railroad unemployment. It has maintained predepression wages for those who have kept their jobs, and these high wages have been paid by men discharged because the railroads could not foot a higher wage bill. Furthermore, labor has given no recognition to the vast difference between the brotherhood wage scale and the scale of bus and truck drivers, who compete directly for the same business. Not only that; labor erects a solid front against any attack on the full-crew law and keeps in force a regulation which gives a freight-train crew credit for 8 hours' work after a run of 100 miles and a passenger crew credit for 5 hours after a run of the same distance. This in the face of constantly mounting speeds, until it is conceivable that a passenger crew in the not-far-distant future may be credited with 5 hours after only an hour's labor.

Put this together with Section 7-b of the Emergency Transportation Act of 1933, say the railroads, and you find an insurmountable barrier against true efficiency, which could be achieved through consolidation and the pooling





of resources. The Act, which virtually forbids the railroads to reduce their forces or the pay of their forces, through pooling facilities, will have expired when you read this, unless renewed over the bitter opposition of the operators.

Between these two elements stands the government, in the person of Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Co-ordinator of Transportation, who has not only warned labor of the inadvisability of pressing for a 6-hour day but has suggested that labor may be called upon to make some sacrifices if the railroads are to be put on a self-sustaining basis.

Here, then, you have the dilemma, with labor perched on one horn and the railroads on the other. As you seek its solution you must sympathize with both. The railroads have long been blessed with an exceptional operating personnel, loyal, conscientious men who deserve the best at the hands of their employers. Many of them are out of work after long service at a task they believed secure for a lifetime. Something must be done for them. So, also, must something be done for the railroads if they are to continue in private operation. I think you will find the Congress asked, despite the Supreme Court's recent adverse decision, to reconsider proposals to retire men on pension who have not yet reached the retirement age of 65. Perhaps they will have been introduced by the time this appears. Co-ordinator Eastman is studying a plan which gives "dismissal compensation" to employees thrown out of work through consolidations or co-ordination of service. It gives to men of 60 and over the pension they would, by right, have earned at 65. Men under 60 would be paid lump sums predicated upon age. Presumably, with this money as a backlog, they would seek other lines of endeavor.

Something of this nature must be done if the railroads are to tap the greatest source of economy possible to them — savings through

the elimination of duplication of effort. For the first time in their history the railroads are ready to take advantage of such economies. For the first time they have become something of a unit, through the recently created Association of American Railroads. This organization, made up of more than 88 major railroads with more than 250,000 miles of track, has been granted well-nigh plenary power to act for the rail-transportation system of the country.

THE RAILROADS FIGHT FOR LIFE

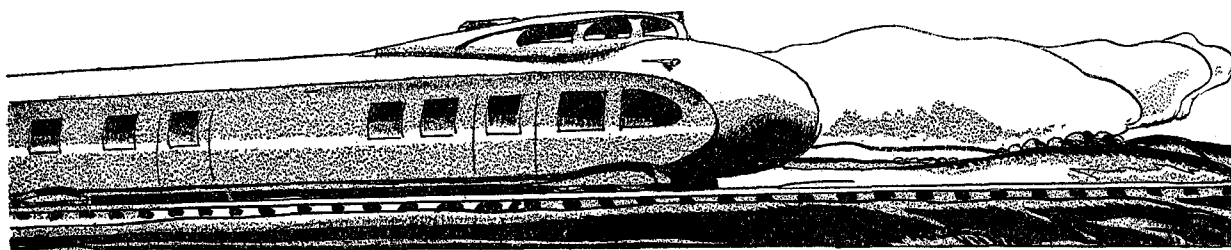
IF LABOR furrows the brows of railroad executives, so also does the difficulty many lines are having in meeting their fixed charges. To pay them, the railroads of the nation must average \$40,000,000 each month in net operating income, and in only one month — March — in 1934, did they succeed. The 1935 figures are even less pleasant, with net operating income for the first 4 months totaling \$100,000,000, against \$144,546,000 for the same period last year. Already the government has taken a place in the management of one of our Western lines, to protect its investment. Thus rises the bogeyman of government operation, and he will not disappear until the railroads can write their figures in black ink. Co-ordinator Eastman may give the railroads some comfort in his stand on labor, but he gives them nothing but chills when he talks about government operation. Recently he told labor executives in Chicago:

I do not have the same fear of that plan that many have. I think it is possible to protect it from politics in the ordinary sense and to provide good and enterprising management.

There are, however, some special dangers at the present time which I do fear, and I am unwilling to recommend such a plan unless it is sufficiently backed by a body of public opinion strong enough to afford effective protection against those dangers and, as yet, I have seen no satisfactory evidence of such opinion.

So much for the attempts of the railroads to

CLEAR ALL CROSSINGS!



put their own house in order. Where do they stand in their never-ending fight against their traditional foes, the bus, the truck, the inland-water carriers, and the steamships? You will find their answer in the current session of the Congress. Briefly, they are asking:

1. Regulation of all interstate for-hire motor carriers.
2. Regulation of water carriers.
3. Repeal of the long-and-short-haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act.
4. Establishment of tolls on improved inland waterways sufficient to make them self-supporting.

From the Interstate Commerce Commission the railroads asked for rate increases sufficient to up their revenues \$170,000,000. They justified the request by pointing to increased expenditures of \$300,000,000, brought about through restoration of pay cuts and higher costs for needed materials resulting from the National Industrial Recovery Act.

The I.C.C. gave them partial relief this spring, permitting emergency increases, until June, 1936, sufficient to produce about \$85,000,000. Offsetting this are arbitrary increases in operating expenses totaling \$130,000,000 more than in 1934.

Of state legislatures the railroads are asking that fees from commercial users of highways and taxation for commercial motor vehicles be increased until they bear the same proportion to their gross revenues as railroad taxes bear to their gross returns.

Many of these things have been sought for years by the railroads. What makes their fight particularly impressive at this time is their emphasis on the need for greater purchases of durable goods. The railroads are prepared to show, through exhaustive figures, that they are vital to any far-reaching plan for economic recovery, through their heavy purchases of durable goods (when they have the money to spend). The figures, which need not be given

here, show close correlation between railroad earnings and expenditures. They show a reduction in purchases of durable goods alone from \$1,442,434,000 in 1929 to \$320,250,000 in 1932 and 1933. The railroads claim this is one of the principal causes of the depression. In the first half of last year, when railroad earnings were climbing, expenditures climbed with them. When earnings fell off in the second half of 1934, purchases did likewise.

If the railroads get the higher net income they seek, what may be expected of them? I believe the following are fair answers: for the shipper, expanded store-door service; for the farmer who ships livestock, farmyard-to-stockyard service; for the traveler, still faster and more comfortable trains.

In this last category it is to be hoped the railroads will eliminate makeshift speed. By that I mean speed secured through opening the throttle wider on conventional equipment. Such speed may serve until a railroad is in a position to secure equipment designed to produce speed with economy — in other words, equipment properly streamlined and of reasonably light weight — but then it should be discarded.

In some instances I rather suspect railroad executives have lost sight of the true meaning of our new speed trains. They forget the dual purpose of these trains is speed attained with low operating costs and focus on speed alone. That is shortsighted. If I may make a prediction, I will say the all-purpose train of the future will be hardly a train at all but a series of high-speed cars running at frequent intervals. I am referring, of course, to comparatively short hauls.

That, however, is not particularly important at this time. What is important is that the railroads are fighting and fighting hard for their livelihood. To those who have a stake in the railroads — and that means, literally, millions — that is of tremendous importance.

The Gift of Prophecy

by J. B. RHINE

IS IT POSSIBLE to foretell future events? Does true prophecy ever actually occur, beyond the range of rational inference from already-known facts?

No more disputable subject than this could possibly be chosen. Yet there are two points upon which, I think, we can all agree at the outset. As for the others, I will not attempt to prophesy.

The first of these is that, if prophecy be an actual occurrence which can be demonstrated and utilized, it is a mental endowment of the utmost practical importance to the race. Its application to life, to investment, to enterprises of all kinds would open up unlimited possibilities. If we could train a prophet to do reliable service, he could name his own salary and take his pick of the stock. And, of course, he could always count on the postmaster generalship.

We need only to look back to the time when prophets did exist, according to the criteria demanded of them, to see the dominant part they might play in our own time if they could prove their ability to know the future. Among the old Hebrews the prophet was a virtual dictator; and in the royal courts of the ancient civilizations he was almost the whole brain trust. He held the keys to the Book of Fate, before which the mightiest of kings had to bow.

Even today we have ample evidence of the high regard in which the world would hold the prophet, if given some little assurance of his powers. We are told that some of our modern rulers, even including an American president or two of our own century, have tried, like King Saul and Alexander the Great, to turn a few leaves ahead in the chapter of time. Enormous sums of money are said to be spent annually on the various kinds of professionals who are thought to have the gift of prophecy. But, of course, wanting a prophet does not make one. Needs are not evidence.

The second point of probable general agreement is that nothing could be more revolutionary and upsetting to our twentieth-century concept of nature than a discovery that prophecy really occurs. It is almost unthinkable for the trained scientific mind of today. It just does not fit in.

Our whole concept of time simply does not allow of true (i.e., noninferable) prophecy. Time, of course is — well, what *is* time? When we try to reach a good definition, fail, and then resort to references, we find a great deal of philosophical speculation, involving several theories, dating from Plato to the present day. If we revert to “common sense,” what can we say other than that time seems to be simply a feeling of before-and-afterness (of varying degrees) connected with changes we experience, mostly in things around us? That may not satisfy the philosopher, but on the other hand neither is he going to find the answer to the question of prophecy.

Now even with this common-sense notion of time, it appears downright impossible for anyone to see actual and logically nonpredictable changes before they occur. To expect to experience an event before it really happens seems the height of absurdity. In the days when a prophet was a chosen oracle of divinity and all events were supposed to be subject to divine command, it was relatively easy to understand prophecy. It was a part of the current religion, whereas today it is “unscientific.”

If you approach an average scientifically minded person and in all seriousness say you know, for example, a little old lady who can foretell reliably which face of a coin will come up when you flip it, he will, at first, refuse to take you seriously. If you persist, he will question your computation of the significance of results. Then your observational accuracy will be doubted, and finally you will find that

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY

your little old lady *must* be deceiving you. If you should get beyond this and show that this is impossible under the conditions and if your listener knows you too well to doubt your own integrity and sanity, he will, if he has a grain of humor, just throw his head back and roar with laughter. It is simply too much to take, and that is what laughter is for.

But a backward glance at the history of thought suggests that it would pay to spend a little time in trying out impossible things. More than one of our notable advances has followed upon the meteor-like crash of a strange fact through the roof of our established edifice of knowledge. Science has not gone forward by smooth, deductive evolution of laws. It has been upset many times before. So, while prophecy would indeed be terribly upsetting, that is hardly conclusive evidence against its existence.

A CATALOGUE OF SEERS

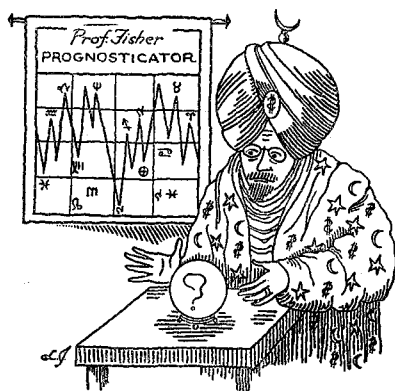
TO INVESTIGATE prophecy, one would presumably study prophets. I do not know that this has ever been done. One might suppose that the Institute for Experimental Religion had undertaken this project long ago, but we find instead that the very notion of the Institute itself is still only a germ.

It were best to begin by sifting and sorting the fantastic collection of prophets that time has developed. It is hardly necessary to say further that, of course, the term "prophecy" is here taken to mean knowledge of coming events that cannot be inferred by reason or obtained through recognized channels of information. Of course our modern rational prophets, as the meteorologist (weather "prophet"), the economist (who may formerly have ventured prophecies on business), and the political forecaster, do not for a moment belong to our material for study. They are, if prophets at all, prophets by rational inference, whatever the success of their efforts.

Then there are pseudorational prophets, who *think* they have the facts from which to read the future. The palmist who tells you that your life line indicates that you will die young (or old) believes she sees the facts from which

to make the prophecy probably quite as sincerely as does the physician who predicts you will die soon when he finds you have a fatal and incurable disease.

There are several of these pseudorational types and have been since the most ancient times. The practice of astrology, which dominated the Assyrian priesthood, continues today. The prophecy is made on the basis of the petitioner's birth day, month, and year and the



"index" of these in a scheme of allegedly planetary influence put forward as established. And there is the numerologist, who "gets your number" by a system like a number code and thus unlocks the mysteries of the future. In the days of animal and human sacrifice, the trained priest indulged in prophecy from the peculiarities of the liver, heart, and other organs of the vic-

tim. In the omenology of the ancients, as well as that of our own backwoods today, certain signs were tokens of coming events, just as definitely as a dark cloud foretells rain.

What invalidates for us the prophecies of these palmists, astrologists, numerologists, and others is the fact that they use systems of "knowledge" which we cannot accept. While occasionally a palmist, for instance, makes a strikingly accurate prediction and we think perhaps that there *must* be something to it, we do not really know whether these people ever prophesy noninferably or not. I know of no scientist who has been sufficiently impressed to investigate. It does seem safe to say that they could not make valid predictions from such false assumptions — there is no disputing that. One can suppose only that they might conceivably have a true gift of prophecy unwittingly concealed under the claptrap of the particular practice. It would require the pressure of powerful and inescapable evidence to force such a belief upon the critical mind.

There is another group of prophets: those who feel that they are in direct contact with divinity. They talk with God and naturally they think they know more than ordinary mortals about what will come to pass. Yet even this is not the kind of prophecy with which our inquiry can deal. It is not really pure

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prophecy, even if the facts are right — and who knows if they are? That is, when the prophet says, “Thus saith the Lord,” he is stating what God intends to do and he supposes He can and will do it just that way, being all-powerful and One who keeps His promises. If I call up the Dean and he tells me he will put a certain course in the catalogue, next year — and he does — I am not a prophet when I tell my students, “Thus saith the Dean, so and so.” I had special access to his ear, having a telephone and being on good terms with him. Again, real prophecy *might* be hidden under all this theology, but — I need not repeat.

Then there are the mediums. They have been agents of prophecy since long before the Witch of Endor evoked Samuel to prophesy for Saul. They, like the mystic prophets, do not claim, themselves, to know the future. They are told by the spirits of the dead, or these spirits take possession of voice or hand and communicate, among other messages, some premonitory references. But again we cannot, certainly not in its present state of development, accept this theory as it is presented (for reasons which I gave in “After Death — What?” in the February FORUM). And, if for any reason I were to accept it, my first question would certainly be, how can a spirit prophesy any better than anyone else? As it is, I simply wonder again, in passing, whether the medium might not herself perhaps have a little of the gift of prophecy. If so, it would naturally take the spiritistic form, appropriate to her spiritistic beliefs, quite as it might adapt itself for the palmist or mystic. Certainly we do encounter interesting predictions made by mediums, one series of which I think deserves to be considered with the evidence, when we come to that. It may or may not be a gift of the medium herself. As yet no one has made the studies necessary to determine this.

SPONTANEOUS PROPHECY

THERE is left now the “pure” prophet, who claims that he can foretell the future but has no theory or practice that attempts to rationalize the act. These individuals are usu-

ally known as clairvoyants, fortunetellers, crystal-gazers, or “readers.” They may have a simple device for concentration, as looking into a crystal ball, examining tea leaves, coffee grains, or a glass of water, or listening to a conch shell. They claim, at most, to “see” or “hear” what they prophesy. A few simply look the sitter in the eye. The prophecy is centered in the prophet rather than in a divinity, a spirit, or the planets.

If one is to study any of the prophets, he will do well to begin with this group. For, if its members possess true prophetic ability, it would then seem clearly to be a natural capacity in them, rather than a function of a system attacking the other “schools.” This would be a great advantage in its acceptance and understanding. For that matter, it need not be thought the only kind or condition of prophecy.

But what of the frequently reported instances of spontaneous prophecy? Thus far our sorting has dealt with only the more or less professional prophet, but the case for or against prophecy might be much influenced by reports of apparently spontaneous premonition of coming events. These cases are usually reported by persons who lay no claim to any “method” of divining the future and who in many instances have had no other such experience. Such premonitions may consist of “intuitional” impressions, of hallucinatory visions or voices (for example, of a friend, usually a deceased one) giving warnings, or of dreams prophetic in varying degrees. The last form is probably the most common.

These spontaneous glimpses of the future also seem to take form somewhat according to the personal make-up and symbolism of the percipient. Some have religious significance; others are simply spiritistic; while some are devoid of any coloration. It is noteworthy, I think, that a (seemingly) prophetic dream related by the late Dr. Walter Franklin Prince was as relatively direct and matter-of-fact as one found Dr. Prince himself to be; while another apparently premonitory dream taken from my records, experienced by a simple-minded man who still had a conventional theology, presented its prophecy embedded in



TO A CALM ONE

an equally appropriate form — at the end a monster pulled something like a soul from the dead body and ran off with it, down through sheets of flame.

Before entering upon a survey of the better evidence for prophecy, which will follow in another article, and by way of giving this introduction at least a morsel of interest for its final paragraph, I will relate Dr. Prince's dream and its sequel, in much condensed form.*

On the night following January 7, 1902, Dr. Prince was awakened by his wife because he had been making noises indicating distress. He was in great excitement and related the following dream to her before going to sleep again. He had imagined that he was looking at a train, the rear end of which was protruding from a railway tunnel. Suddenly, to his horror, another train dashed into it. He saw cars "crumple and pile up, and out of the mass of the wreckage arose the cries, sharp and agonized, of wounded persons." Some were pinned under the wreckage. Other people hurried up and tried to help to get them clear. Then clouds, either of smoke or steam, burst forth,

and more agonizing cries followed.

The following morning at eight eighteen, only a few hours afterward and about seventy-five miles away, there was a railroad wreck at a *tunnel*. As in the dream, *one train was standing at the entrance*. The locomotive of another *crashed into it, crushing its rear cars like paper, killing and wounding a large number of people*. *Steam* hissed from the shattered engine upon the *pinned-down unfortunates*. While *men were cutting away the wreckage*, fire also broke out. The points of coincidence I have italicized. In fact, the dream seems to have been almost an exact preliving of the scene, as the newspapers described it.

The reader will doubtless agree that it is difficult to know just what to think of the many such cases recorded. Certainly they are not to be disregarded. As Janet has written: "Our attention is first called to a particular force by its exceptional manifestations." Perhaps if we have the courage to inquire into these unusual experiences we may eventually enlarge the picture and add to the dominance of human personality in the natural order of the universe. However, there is nothing to lose but the questionable regard of the narrowly dogmatic.

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: — taken from the Journal of the American Society for Psychic Research, 1923, page 84.

**Another paper by Professor Rhine
will be published in the August FORUM.**

To A Calm One

*Although tempestuous autumn in my veins
Leaps to the wildness of a gypsy tune,
Some day I'll be content with quiet rain,
And even silence, frozen by the moon.*

*Often the ship that plays the fiercest wave
Sinks, longingly and tired, to the deep. . . .
So I, when life has spent my restless blood,
Shall come to you for silence and for sleep.*

Selma R. Osterman

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI; COLUMBIA, MO.

A Reasonable Success

A Short Story

by MAURICE SAMUEL

THIS STORY of Godfrey Brace I have had to reconstruct in part from the confidences of Godfrey himself, in part from those of his wife, Anne. Irene I knew fairly well (and in fact every person who is mentioned here) but I never discussed Godfrey with her. I have withdrawn myself from most of the record and left it in fictional form because I was not a first-hand observer of the scenes. Yet I am quite certain that my transcription of them is accurate. Even in reproducing Godfrey's moods and inmost thoughts I have taken less liberty than many a reliable historical biographer. For I knew Godfrey and Anne intimately over a stretch of many years. I knew, from him, of his relationship with Irene and, from Anne, of the incident with Grace Jamison which brought about the crisis in Godfrey's life. I was able to observe Godfrey and Anne and (much less) Irene after the crisis, and a little thought made everything clear and consistent to me. *There is no other explanation of the situation than the one offered here.* If I am wrong, I must be wholly and perversely wrong, which, since I have no motive, I cannot believe.

II

GODFREY HIMSELF told me of his love for these two women, his wife, Anne, and his mistress, Irene. I learned (as much from long observation of him as from what he told me) that his life and career, his inner being and his worldly standing were built on the double foundation of two equal and equally necessary loves. Such a situation would, in the abstract, seem to have about it a special quality of the complicated, the daring, the rebellious, the nostalgic, the slightly Satanic — in brief, the romantic. But Godfrey's case drove into me unforgettably the simple truth that the outside of an experience is irreconcilably different from

the inside: it would have been impossible to guess exactly how he had met the situation.

The questions which rise at once to the mind are: can a man *really* love two women at the same time and, if so, how is it done? But it appears that the questions exist only for those who do not happen to love two women at the same time. For that matter, a man not in love often asks himself whether and how any man can *really* love *any* woman. Godfrey, after a brief period of adjustment, did not find the situation odd or unnatural. It was not even troublesome to his spirit. He was not aware of being romantic; he was not aware of "sinfulness" (itself a very romantic word, be it noted). He felt himself to be a decent and respectable person; his life, far from being in any sense lawless and monstrous and exotic, was, in fact, rather commonplace and comfortable.

The writer of a story (myself in this case) often claims that he understands his characters better than they do themselves. Is not this a contradiction of what I have just said about the irreconcilable difference between the outside and the inside of an experience? No; for there are two kinds of understanding. Actually the writer claims (reasonably enough, since he is a writer, an analyst, an expositor) to give a better account of the actions and feelings of his characters than they could. He does not understand them better in the sense of knowing more intimately, more accurately, and, as it were, at closer hand what the tone and tang of the experience was. Neither the writer nor any other kind of artist can so penetrate into the secrecy and apartness of another. But the mechanics of the other man's mind may be clearer to him — should be, in fact, if he has any worth at all as an artist.

What is recorded here, then, contains something more than Godfrey himself fully per-

A REASONABLE SUCCESS

ceived. It would be wearisome and perhaps purposeless to make clear at every point where Godfrey's perception stopped, in my opinion, and where my interpretation enters. I shall indicate it in only a few places, so that the existence of this distinction shall not be forgotten.

I have said that after a brief period of adjustment Godfrey was untroubled by his position. He even found it natural that only one of his women — Irene, his mistress — should know of his double love. The system of deceptions which kept from Anne and the rest of the world the knowledge of his relations with Irene were simply exercises in circumspection. He did not feel that he was "lying"; he certainly did not feel that he had "wronged" Anne. His need for each of these women was so organic, so honest an issue of his nature that it had to be met somehow; and the maximum of good behavior under these circumstances meant the minimum of fuss and disturbance.

As to the world at large (by which he meant the judges and juries before whom he appeared, the lawyers with whom he worked, the firms and individuals he represented, the members of the Aldine Club, the legions of his acquaintances, the great majority of his friends), he felt that it had not the slightest interest in his welfare; not even in his goodness or badness. Or, if it were interested in his badness (it would not fail, he conceded indifferently, to call his relationship with the two women bad), that was because the world was always interested in the sporting possibilities offered by the uncovering of a sinner.

Godfrey was far from being a naïve person; but the most sophisticated of us cannot, unless helped thereto by a trained outsider, recognize all our motives. I do not know after these years to how much of the following Godfrey would have subscribed but I believe it to be exactly what happened.

He had fallen in love, first with Anne and, nearly four years after his marriage, with Irene, for opposite sets of reasons or, perhaps I should say, causes. The phrase "fallen in love" does not quite apply to him. Taken literally it is an explosive expression. It seems to indicate a sudden and fatal decline (one "falls" sick), a keeling over, a tumble into a pit, or a collapse under a hammer blow. Godfrey grew or moved or developed into love. Or he became aware of

a reciprocal emotion as each of these women appropriated, with that subtle, prehensile skill which comes of love (or is in fact love), certain contradictory yet overlapping areas of his being. But though it is true that pleased vanity or humble gratitude or the power of suggestion or an automatic erotic response disposes us to fall in love with those who have fallen in love with us, Godfrey's response had another explanation. We do not find it necessary, as a rule, to explain why people fall in love; and we properly pay no attention to their own explanations. But in this case the explanation was of individual significance.

I am speaking, let it be remembered, of Godfrey's love for Anne and Irene. Why they fell in love with him is another matter. They may have been victims of those irrelevant causes (spiritually irrelevant, that is, like an inflection of the voice, a particular body odor, a shape or coloring, a set of circumstances) which make most of us fall in love. They may, on the other hand, have suspected in advance to what extent Godfrey needed them — each one separately. I know much less about them than about him, and in any case the first causes of their love for him are not of importance here.

III

WHENEVER GODFREY used to think back to the time when he was twenty-seven, the year he met Anne, he would himself concede that he must have been an unpleasant and unwholesome person. (He exaggerated, but in the right direction.) He was, at that age, bitter, discontented, and envious, his attention immovably fixed on the gap between his unusual abilities and his paltry attainments. It was said of him, as he knew, that he was a "brilliant lawyer" but — and this was invariably added, in one form or another — a "lawyer's lawyer — he prepares the ablest and most learned briefs in New York."

A man of twenty-seven should have been satisfied; but it always seemed to Godfrey that the first part of the estimate was intended only to give point to the second. His friends meant that in contact with people he was futile; they explained in this fashion the undeniable fact that important cases never came to him direct and that he had never pleaded with conspicuous success any case at all, whether it had

come to him either at first or at second hand.

He concluded that the rewards of the world — which he despised and coveted — were reserved not for men of merit and achievement but for those with the special, curious, and indecent gift for the discovery and exploitation of brilliant men. It was the “organizer,” the “good mixer,” the “man of the world” who gathered in the glory as well as the gold. But what were the qualities which distinguished such a man? Vulgar boldness disguised as geniality, vigilant selfishness disguised as worldly wisdom, a capacity for intrigue, a brutal insensitiveness to moral values. In such a man there was no love of the law itself, no scholarship, no appreciation of the fine and delicate structure of the legal tradition.

He was tortured by the conviction that he was doomed to frustration in a world motivated by greed and guided by stupidity. And it was this conviction, intermittent, galling, unbalancing which made him alternately shy and impatient in the presence of others. He was too proud to show off and (he acknowledged this with a bitter smile) too ambitious, with an insane ambitiousness which despised the intermediary steps in the growth of a reputation, to be content with minor victories. He would not become the competitor of men whom he considered beneath him. He would say, not quite sincerely, “It doesn’t matter. I am I. I shall not be a better or abler man if the world, for its own coarse, thick-witted reasons, proclaims me one of the foremost lawyers of my time — and then proceeds to bracket me with half a dozen slick shysters and vulgar comedians.”

Now these convictions or views had not disappeared from his maturer life. On the contrary, long years of observation had only confirmed them and stabilized them into a solid philosophy. But they had shifted to prepared positions in his mental and psychological structure, and the rearrangement of his life shielded him from the effects they had once produced on him. It was not that he was cynical or weary, prepared to accept the world’s badness with the kindly indifference of the corrupt. No, he was merely protected now. At the time he met Anne no such protection had existed for him, and, looking back, he would remember that he had been, for all his cleverness, a raw, exasperated, and helpless sort of person.

It was odd that Anne should have made the first movement toward love; even more odd was his quick response. He had always disliked those “charming,” worldly women who were at home in the midst of successful men. Anne was partly that type. He had disliked, with equal heartiness, women who were “managers,” agents for their husbands, clever, scheming hostesses who felt and liked to make others feel (oh, so tactfully!) that they were making great careers of furthering the careers of their husbands. There was a touch of this type, too, in Anne. What overcame the mutual difficulty was Anne’s extraordinary assumption that he was already that which he did not want to be — a reasonable success among men.

Anne was no hero worshiper. Her admirations were specific and limited. She was earthly and normal and sensible and she had assumed that Godfrey was the same. And he had liked it!

“She disarmed me,” he said, “by accepting me as a man of the world. She didn’t talk to me about a great and unique future. I was a man among men, like her father and her brothers. I think the idea of ‘genius’ was alien to her: she had no abnormal perceptions. There was something soothing in that.”

Her intelligence was alert and sociable; it was characterized by a liking for everyday human problems such as arose often enough in his legal work. She listened to him with a pleasure which was not derived merely from her feelings for him but which sprang direct from the subject matter of his conversation, and he recalled with peculiar relish fragments of talk from their first long evening together.

“I might have been a lawyer,” she said, “if I hadn’t been frightened off just by the phrase, ‘a woman lawyer.’”

“What’s wrong with it?”

“It’s assertive. It sounds like a principle rather than a profession. I hate fighting for principles.”

“What do you like?” he asked.

“I like people,” she answered. “I also like meddling with them a little bit.”

“You could have been a psychoanalyst,” he suggested.

“That’s too sticky,” she said. “Too yearnful. I like more matter-of-fact meddling, the sort of thing you’re doing.”

He described to her an interesting case on

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which he was working for the insurance company which his partner represented. A cleaners' and dyers' association which had taken out a group insurance policy was being victimized by a gangster organization. Shops had been bombed, delivery wagons overturned. The association put in a claim with the insurance company. Unfortunately, however, the association had encouraged the gang by paying tribute for several months before it had taken out the policy. In defending the insurance company Godfrey was building a case for collusion against the association. Anne listened appreciatively to the details.

"You must enjoy being in the heart of realities, like that," she said. "I don't know why people make fun of the law. In its foundations it's the most common-sense thing there is. And I love the way you talk about it, too."

Thus, while those who had the highest opinion of him considered him a sort of exploitable schoolmaster theoretician, Anne saw him as the clever man of affairs. And she treated him in this spirit. She drew him into friendship with her family and, by arranging frequently to meet him at the Aldine Club, of which her father and brothers were members, she finally persuaded him to join. She enabled him, in fact, to filter into the club (this was how he put it to himself, later), whereas he would have shied away from a straightforward introduction.

In the same offhanded way she drew him, after their marriage, into friendships out of which there grew for him, almost before he was aware of it, a network of business, his first important independent cases and connections. In this fashion his touchiness, his sharpness, his disturbing mixture of contempts and hostilities moved over into special areas of his mind, a *terra incognita* to Anne. She found his progress natural; she had never suspected that he could be otherwise than as she saw him.

It is quite possible that an inevitable inner release was due in Godfrey about the time he met Anne. In fact, she herself might be considered his first worldly success. Or it may all have been a lucky incident. In either case, she had no sooner met him than she wanted him to be happy, with her, in her own cheerful world, as a mother wants her able child to be happy. It just did not occur to her that he might be a "genius" doomed to frustration; or, for that matter, any kind of genius. Geniuses were for

her "cases," outside the orbit of her life. She was tremendously and instinctively "sensible," and it was not in her to take seriously, even if she had been able to perceive it, the megalomania which was as real a part of him as his desire for a normal life. She loved to see him among friends, occupying what she considered an honorable place in the everyday world. Life to her was something substantial, pleasant, tasty, and essentially manageable, and he would never have known how to convey to her or even exhibit in her presence the angry irony of his secret judgments on himself and his environment, his loathing for the frivolity and the irrelevance of his worldly existence.

IV

ASSUREDLY HE could not have kept this up for more than a few years if it had not been for Irene. Whatever these women might have been to others, they were to him opposite poles of significance. Irene had never cared to see him in "company." She was not interested in his career. To her the "reasonable success" and the "brilliant career" were equally shoddy. Both depended on unintelligent, undifferentiating acclaim, on intrigue, self-assertion, propaganda, and accident. Where Godfrey was concerned, Irene considered the potential at least as good as the real, and the showdown, which the world so stupidly insisted on before it would believe, was as silly and as meaningless as a school examination. She would have been ashamed to love him, she said, on the basis of what others thought they saw in him, as if he were an advertised article.

Anne belonged to a widespread family of active men and women; Irene was the last living representative of a family which had once been prominent in politics, industry, and finance. She said to him once: "My great-grandparents were just too successful. They tasted everything and left me the surfeit." (Their talk was, occasionally, quite dramatic.) This was true and untrue. Irene was fascinated by what she called the gyrations of the world; she had a social life apart from Godfrey's, and her "surfeit" did not lead to boredom. But she did seem to carry in her blood the recollection of triumphs and their vanity. She admired intemperately, almost to the point of bewilderment, Godfrey's mind and outlook; at his career she looked with some astonishment,

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pleased that it was not too dazzling.

"Fancy your being able to do that sort of thing too!" she said once.

"It would be rather bad for me if I weren't," he answered.

"For me too," she said, smiling. He did not know whether she was alluding to the fact that he had extricated two thirds of her legacy from a maze of claims or to the fact that if it had not been for his legal reputation she would never have had occasion to meet him.

"Besides," he said, "my exile, as you call it, is just as much of me as this."

From an Eastern philosopher she had culled the phrase that life was exile from peace. She had turned the expression to her own use. The place of her exile and Godfrey's was the world at large, whose rivalries and satisfactions had no meaning for them. And "home" was the inner reality of their secret relationship, with no foundation in the common measure of things.

"And, perhaps," he said, "just as you make it possible for me to remain in love with Anne, she makes it possible for me to remain in love with you."

To this she gave her agreement, without, it seems, thinking too much about it. Irene saw deep into Godfrey. Yet, in agreeing with each other verbally, they did not always mean the same thing.

"I know it," she answered. "But I call it exile just the same."

Godfrey's life with Anne was, in a sense, exile. It was, in a sense, a lie, the lie of a worldly setting which one half of him (perhaps the "real" half) despised and repudiated. But there was also a special sort of inner lie in his relationship with Irene, and that was the lie of untested genius, of supreme, blinding gifts which he shuddered to expose to comparison and evaluation. It was the lie of an absolute and impossibilist Self which disdained the idea of vindication and even of self-expression: the genius which was capable of so much that it would not stoop to anything. It was the lie of the maniac who avoids discussion of his mania. It was the insanity of boundless pride, that absolute self-trust which feels itself beyond all criticism and above all praise. It was the lie of a messianic insanity which trusted that some tremendous, divine event would, before it should be too late, reveal where the great and ultimate value had lain, to wit, in this man and in this man alone.

It was a sort of game, in which Irene played her part with so much delicacy that he could not accuse her of insincerity or doubt. She made him feel intimately and deliciously that she asked for no achievement on his part, because nothing that he did could compare with the indescribably important

thing that he was. Let others get certificates of merit. . . . They two were withdrawing from the world because it was tawdry, insincere, undiscriminating. There was even a special point in keeping their love secret, for the world's approval or consent was ugly in itself.

But to what extent was he pretending? How sure was he of that belief, to which she ministered with such marvelously subtle and loving skill, that he was too great to mingle with the world, that it was right of him to refuse to achieve anything because he could achieve everything? It was well enough for Irene to be amused at his career, such as it was;



in her eyes it was nothing compared to what he might have done. But had he the right to speak of it contemptuously?

And he asked himself, therefore, how long he could have continued to be in love with Irene if the sop to this other, his humanly acceptable self, had not existed in his "career," such as it was. (This was the deeper meaning of his observation that Anne made it possible for him to remain in love with Irene not less than Irene made it possible for him to remain in love with Anne — an observation which Irene had not fully understood.) Would he not have been ashamed to play this fantastic role toward Irene, however subtly it was done, however subtly she responded, if he had not been able to declare, carelessly, "Yes, I can make my way in that other world, too, and it's a good thing that I can"? What if he had been a "failure"? Would Irene, for all her boundless admiration of him now, have consented to see in him the perfection too fine for common acceptance? And, putting it rather vulgarly, if he had been penniless, shabby, in need, unable to arrange their secret meetings comfortably . . . ? He did not like to think of that. He admitted only that Irene might well be grateful to Anne, even as Anne might, if she had understood the

equilibrium of his life, have been grateful to Irene.

V

SO ANALYZED and described, Godfrey may seem unreal. This is, again, the difference between the two orders of "understanding," where living things are concerned. But all analyses, however correct, must sound "unreal." Suppose that, instead of saying, "Godfrey walked," I were to say, "Godfrey propelled himself forward in an approximately perpendicular posture by balancing himself alternately on his right and left legs as these were placed before one another in succession." This would be a correct description or analysis of walking. But it does not mean, and is not intended to mean the same thing as "Godfrey walked." It means much less and a great deal more.

The analysis and description of Godfrey's relationship with Anne and Irene are, I think, correct; but they do not and cannot, and are not intended to convey the extraordinary, interpenetrating qualities of the relationship, its complete naturalness. If Godfrey had been asked at random, "Are you satisfied with life?" he would have answered, at once, "Yes, I think I am." The practical ambitiousness which belonged to his life with Anne had its pleasurable side, too. The exercise of his faculties of foresight, arrangement, defense, and aggression often lulled him into pleasant self-forgetfulness, and even when he became self-conscious and began to look at himself dubiously he could still get some pleasure out of his activities. He could speak of them to Anne with simple, boyish boastfulness and enjoy her appreciation. Then later on he could speak of them to Irene in quite another tone, trivial, amused, implying that only a fool could let himself become elated by such successes or be seriously affected by the smallnesses, the meannesses, and the imbecilities which one encountered in the human ant heap.

I would go further than Godfrey and say that he was not merely satisfied with life but, for a man so handicapped, unusually happy. He enjoyed a measure of well-being which sometimes rose to boisterous good spirits. Compared with that nettled, rancorous creature which he had been in his early manhood, he was a perfectly adjusted type. He had found himself.

VI

THE INADEQUACY of his life with Anne distressed him within a year after his marriage. In the second and third year his distress had sharpened almost into rebelliousness. The reaction might

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not have taken place so soon and so strongly if to the general discomfort of his one-sided life there had not been added the specific irritant of Anne's childlessness. In her desire for children or for at least one child, Anne was true to herself. Her love of children was the focalized form of her liking for human beings in general. Her affections asked to be specially exercised by the closest of all relationships. Also, she wanted her own children because having children was an expression of one's contentment with the world. It was the affirmation of the goodness and wholesomeness of living. Children, again, were part of the full, successful, enjoyable life.

Godfrey thought of children vaguely and negatively. He "understood" Anne's point of view, but it seemed to him that the having of children was extraordinarily commonplace. It was the irreducible privilege of mediocrity. . . . And even if he could have awakened in himself some sort of enthusiasm for children, just for Anne's sake, he still would have pointed out (as he did) that to bring children into a world so insecure, so threatened by wars and revolutions, was irresponsible. Besides, why should he and Anne assume that they were likely to be perfect parents? And was a child entitled to anything less than that? Nor would he know what to do with a child, what kind of training to arrange for it, what sort of world to prepare it for. Perhaps, he conceded, these objections were rather fatuous, for how would the world continue if everyone were to be terrified by this everyday problem? Yet, though he could understand Anne, he could not share her feeling of frustration. What was there so important, so crucial, about carrying a child about in one's own body, as billions, countless billions, of females had done since the beginnings of mammalian life? What was there about this laborious enterprise which made it seem to Anne such a necessary part of her existence?

During the fourth year of their marriage Anne's unhappiness had become acute. She had been several times to the family doctor. Against his inmost feelings (this was one of the occasions when he felt that he could hate Anne) Godfrey had submitted to a humiliating examination. No, there was nothing wrong with either of them, Dr. Christie had told him, gravely. They must wait a little longer. And, while Anne put up a patient front, Godfrey overworked, seeking refuge from Anne in what was only another aspect of her role in his life. It was during this period that he formed his attachment to Irene.

He thought at first that he had found in Irene nothing more than relief from

the strain of Anne's unhappiness. Later he discovered that she gave him relief, no less, from the abundance of Anne's happiness. For when at last Anne told him that she was pregnant — she was apologetic for her impatience, radiant in her triumph — he was drawn even closer to Irene. But, from this point on, his affection for Anne grew freely; relieved from the excessive pressure of it, he could share much of Anne's happiness; and her high spirits, her good humor, her abounding affectionateness, her wholehearted affirmation of the world-as-it-is were lovable instead of oppressive things.

He also found (as so many other fathers have done) that the advance sense of responsibility with regard to the child had been out of all proportion to its needs. The little girl, called Hilda after Anne's mother, asserted at once an indisputable right to have been born, whatever the world or its parents might be like. All that she seemed to ask for was ordinary care and friendliness. Through the child, life itself, turbulent, insistent, immediate, discouraged a too painful preoccupation with the "ideal" and the impossible, saying, "I don't want much to satisfy me. Don't worry. I've been here a long time. I shall be here a longer time. I've got to be here. You didn't make me; you can't unmake me." The tiny, vigorous, blonde animal — a marvelous physical replica of Anne — pulled him, yet held him at a distance. With a mixture of awe, shyness, love, and disappointment he realized that only by an unwarrantable degree of interference, very bad for the child, could he have achieved those complicated responsibilities which he had so feared. A home, comfort, good physical care, competent teachers, a feeling of friendly but not too possessive surroundings: this was all that the parents should supply. The child was not his and Anne's. It belonged first to itself. It was not an adjunct to the parents; rather they were adjuncts to the child.

VII

WHEN HILDA was two years old, Irene told Godfrey one evening that she was with child. He was seeing Irene regularly, simply, as if they were married. He would spend afternoons and evenings at her apartment; sometimes, when a case took him out of town, he would add an extra night to his absence, using planes instead of trains and spending his untraced time with Irene. On this day he was supposed to have left for Chicago at noon. Instead, he had reserved a place on the night plane. All day they had stayed in, happy and at ease with each other, and just when he was

settling down contentedly to the remainder of the evening she broke the news with a casualness which at first disarmed his understanding.

"Would it be any business of yours, God, if I were to have a baby?"

He was lying stretched out along the couch, his head in her lap, his face turned up to her.

"I suppose not," he answered, smiling. "And what should you want with a baby? Aren't there babies enough in the world?"

"Not of yours," she answered. "And hardly any of yours and mine."

"Funny," he said. "You can't trust a woman."

"I know, sweet. They're incalculable, aren't they? Mysterious. Isn't that what you mean?" She arched herself over and lifted him with her knees to meet her half way. She kissed his forehead. The first, remote alarm, set off by he knew not what, responded in him, muffled, deceptive, like a faint ringing in the ears. "And if I should have a baby of yours," she went on, "and it's none of your business, whose business is it?"

"But why should it be mine?" he asked, foolishly, a faint pang of incredulous jealousy disturbing his voice.

"Because it is," she said.

He twisted round toward her, his hand on her shoulder. "Are you blathering at me?"

Again she looked away from him, her dark face slightly flushed. She was quite unlike herself. "No," she said. "There's no doubt about it now."

"And?"

"I shall go through with it."

He withdrew his hand from her shoulder and fell back slowly on her lap. This was very queer. He stared up beyond her at the ceiling and through the trance of his astonishment he heard her say, "It's simple enough, darling. I shall go away and have it. I shall return and then, after a time, adopt it."

Why, yes, that was simple enough. But he understood neither her nor himself. He was stirred by something that he wanted to call a womanly feeling, a dim fear and elation. Why, the child's mine, he thought, and laughed aloud suddenly.

"I suppose one gets the habit," he said.

"I wasn't jealous of Anne," she said. "And it isn't that I love you less and that you aren't as much to me as ever."

What was this? She was close to tears. Had he hurt her by his seeming flippancy? "None of my business," he had said a moment ago. It was a stupid, witless, lying remark.

"Don't you care, really?" she asked him at last.

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"With all my heart, Irene," he answered.

Why?

Why had he cared so much, the moment Irene told him, and why had he cared so little, when Anne had told him? The question had gone with him through the night flight, above long stretches of invisible fields, across the brilliant, dotted rectangles of sleeping cities, half blocked out by the wing of the airplane. It had clung to him for many months, asserting against all reason its crucial importance. Had he really acquired the "habit" of children, with Hilda? It seemed too absurd. His love for Hilda was a unique thing, apart and incommunicable. One might as well talk about acquiring a habit of fathers. It was possible that an obscure impulse toward rightness or justice had troubled him, an almost mechanical desire for symmetry: Anne has a child of mine; Irene must have a child of mine. But this was even sillier than the first suggestions. It could never account for the depth of his response. And it opposed his keen appreciation — the essence of his adjustment — of the difference between the two women.

The only halfway-reasonable explanation lay — much later — in the very unsatisfactory word "premonition." He had forefelt the significance which the child would acquire for him. Apart from the fact that he did not believe in premonitions, he could not, even in later years, account for the odd fact that he had never been troubled in advance for Irene's child as he had been for Anne's. Yet the boy Wilfred was born to more than those general handicaps which had frightened him in advance for Hilda. Wilfred was to be an "adopted" child; he would never be able to speak of "Father" and "Mother." He would never feel the strength of the claim which is founded in the consciousness of biologic continuity. If Godfrey had been troubled by the thought of a child from Anne, he should have been deeply alarmed by the thought of one from Irene. Yet, the moment Irene spoke of it (it was true that she had placed before him the half-accomplished fact) he had accepted it joyfully.

Later on, when his love for the boy had become a tacit factor in his life, he would catch glimpses of the strange nature of his satisfaction. It was good to think of Irene and Wilfred and himself in a relationship beyond the world's comment. No one would ask him, breezily, "How's your little boy?" No pretenses and commonplaces would be associated with this tremendous bond. "Let them keep their paws off," he once said to Irene. The boy was detached

from the world's stupid routine both in the manner of his begetting and in the manner of his upbringing. He was an expression of the apartness of his parents' lives.

Godfrey never measured his love for Wilfred against his love for Hilda, any more than he measured his respective attachments to Irene and Anne. But the difference in quality was apparent in his hopes. While Hilda was growing up in the cheerful, successful, intelligent atmosphere of her mother's home, absorbing the chatter and the animated social aimfulness of a large, active family, Wilfred would be taking in, from his unacknowledged father and mother, the best of the contrary spirit, inwardness and repose and spiritual independence.

"I myself," Godfrey thought, in a flash of humility, "am neither the one nor the other. I am not worldly enough to be satisfied with a career and I am not pure enough to turn my back on the world. I have too much of both types in me." Perhaps his children would separate out the two strains and make the best of each. Life was not hard on the consistent type. He who needed the world badly came to terms with it; he who did not need it was beyond the reach of its cruelty. Only the evenly divided type was frustrated.

"It's just my blind luck that I was not broken," he thought, in the same mood. "Of men like myself one in ten thousand finds such an arrangement."

His love for Wilfred had in it a quality of heaviness. He had other words of endearment for him than for Hilda. Because his relationship to the child could never come into the open, he was compelled to stress it to Irene. Whenever he met her his first, smiling question would be, "How is my boy?" as if somebody were accusing him of being capable of denying his parenthood. Later still in his life — after the crisis which is yet to be described — Godfrey saw more clearly that this quality of heaviness had also another source. Wilfred expressed more than the apartness of his parents' lives: he expressed also Godfrey's being to Irene, the infinite and untested potentiality, the great latency withdrawn from the world.

The heaviness had in it a touch of fear. Godfrey had no ambitions for Hilda. He was content with the thought that she would undoubtedly grow up to be a high-spirited and competent woman, generous, tender, a manager, a good sort. And he, who had always regarded with contempt the parents who indulge in dreams for their children — even when they do not actively meddle — found himself guilty of the same sin. For this boy who would never be able to

call him "Father," he wanted a greatness of character, a goodness and self-sufficiency which would fulfill him toward Irene. Perhaps this cannot properly be called an ambition; but a dream and desire it certainly was. The boy was his only pledge of reality to Irene, his one step out of the infinity of the possible into the limitations of the actual. The game at which he had so long played with Irene in words and thoughts was being put to the test of reality. Wilfred was the fruit of Irene's boundless belief in him.

Thus his life was fixed between two women, each with his child. The astonishments of his first adaptation to it had long since passed away; it had become tacit and normal. Very rarely did he recall that others than himself might consider it "abnormal" or "romantic." His caution no longer needed the spur of a sense of danger; it had become perfect habit. Only a series of impossible indiscretions or an extremely unlikely accident could now upset the stable yet delicate balance of the double life of Godfrey Brace.

VIII

HILDA WAS seven years old and Wilfred nearly five when indiscretion and accident combined against Godfrey. The indiscretion and the accident had nothing to do with each other; and neither of them had anything to do with Irene. But they involved crucially his relationship with her not less than his relationship with Anne.

One evening when he and Anne were about to leave the house for the theater, the telephone rang. Answering, Godfrey heard the voice of Daniel Jamison, a good friend of theirs (something less, that is, than a "friend"), a fellow lawyer and a fellow member of the Aldine Club. Jamison's first words and the tone in which they were uttered were so grotesquely out of keeping with the degree of casual friendship between the two families that at once Godfrey was aware of something extraordinary impending.

"I must see you at once," said Jamison.

"You can't, Dan. We're just going out."

"You'll wait for me. I'll be over in ten minutes."

The voice was harsh and peremptory but not loud. There was just enough restraint in it to make it irritatingly imperative. Without conviction Godfrey said, "We've got to go."

"By God, you'll wait." Jamison hung up.

Godfrey went into the dining room gripped by a formless excitement. "We'll have to miss the first act," he said,

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"Dan Jamison said he's got to see me at once."

"Good heavens! About what?"

"I don't know. He sounded panicky and wouldn't take no for an answer. He'll be here in a few minutes."

Waiting, he thrust out of his mind, as irrelevant and impossible, a faded recollection more than three years old. So irrelevant did it seem that he suppressed angrily, as something half-witted, an impulse to send Anne from the room in order that he might meet Jamison alone. He was again in a state of calm reassurance when Jamison, having been admitted by the maid, entered the dining room swiftly, closed the door behind him, and, standing with his hat in his hand, answered their greeting with a curt "Good evening."

Resentment started up in Godfrey. "What's the matter?" he asked, sharply.

Jamison's long, foxy face, with its tiny eyes, twitched. He was a small, assertive man. Godfrey realized that he had never liked him. He annoyed one, with his meaningless and noisy activity, like a door banging helplessly in the wind. Now, however, Jamison spoke like a man determined to keep his temper. He seemed to have rehearsed exactly what he was going to say and he had probably derived much pleasure from the probable effect of his quiet forthrightness: so, no beating about the bush.

"I'm glad you're both here," he said. "I'm divorcing Grace. I'm naming you, Godfrey, as co-respondent."

Godfrey started so violently that at once he thought: that was good! better than acting. Aloud he said, slowly, "What are you talking about?"

Jamison continued to play the big man and went on, coldly, "Richard is not my son. He's yours."

With an immense burst of relief Godfrey exclaimed: "You're out of your mind!"

"Richard is not my son," Jamison said, his voice metallic and malevolent. "They fooled me. I was away for five months last summer. There's a matter of dates, you understand. I found out only two weeks ago. No possibility of error."

"What has that to do with me?" Godfrey asked, contemptuously.

He looked at Anne who, standing at the fireplace, looked back with a strange expression on her face; he could read in it neither mortification nor abhorrence nor yet indignant disbelief of the accusation; it was an irrelevant expression, mournful, reflective, faraway, as alien to her manner as it was inappropriate to the occasion.

"I found it out two weeks ago," Jamison repeated. "But I said nothing then. There were other things I had to

find out. And I did. I had it out with Grace tonight. She lied, of course, just as you're lying. If you want to fight it, if you want the expense and the scandal, all right. I don't. At any rate, I don't want the expense. I want to get rid of Grace, that's all."

The anger had died in Godfrey. Grace Jamison! Three years before, he had lapsed, in an imbecilic mood, into a brief, unwanted intimacy with her. Neither of them had cared. It had developed one night, in swift perversity, at a country house: an intimacy with artificial endearments and a few furtive



meetings; without mutual liking, without genuine lust, even; one of those hopeless, senseless, pointless, revolting collapses of character which seem to have as their sole purpose the demonstration of the innate lunacy in man. Without pleasure of the moment, without pleasure in retrospect. Shameful! And still more shameful was the possibility that Anne might suspect him of having once loved that giggling woman with the servant-girl mind. A nausea that weakened his body came over him.

"You're mad," he said to Jamison. Whatever reasons Jamison had for disclaiming paternity, his, Godfrey's, were at least as good. The fact that once for a few weeks or months he had misbehaved (that was the right word, misbehaved! a schoolboy word devoid of dignity or taste or wickedness! why, the woman was a slut!) with Grace Jamison stung him with its irrelevance. He wanted to blurt out meanly, untruthfully — and yet truthfully — "Who the devil wants to have anything to do with that wife of yours?"

"If that's all you have to say, I'm through," Jamison made a half turn.

The poisonous inward struggle of guilt and innocence, conducted in a cloud of shame, had paralyzed Godfrey. What was Anne thinking? What had Jamison actually found out? His heart grew heavier and heavier by perceptible increases as one dreadful thought after another occurred to him. Investigation

and questions: afternoons and evenings he could not account for, coinciding, perhaps, with similar gaps in Grace Jamison's record; detectives' reports; Irene's address; Irene's disgust; the smirching of his name. A loathsome, hateful business.

"Wait!" Anne cried. "Where are you going, Dan?"

"I'm going to see Dillon at his home tonight. He'll handle the case for me."

Jamison's self-restraint had broken down. He was raging.

"You can be sure of only one thing," she said, "that you're not Richard's father. What grounds have you for thinking that Godfrey is?"

She doesn't believe I'm innocent, thought Godfrey.

"You don't expect me to put the evidence before you, do you?" said Jamison with a vicious sneer.

If I could shoot him, thought Godfrey, dully.

Anne replied slowly, "I *know* you're mistaken."

"All right." Jamison made an offensive gesture of dismissal. He turned again.

"I tell you I *know* you're mistaken," Anne repeated, distractedly.

She was not herself. Her eyes, always lively, had gone dead. She seemed to be struggling with a fearful inner burden. In Godfrey a terror of something unknown, something even more dreadful than his present predicament, rose clammily.

Anne spoke breathlessly. "Dan, if you take this to court and you're proved wrong — as I tell you you will be — think of the harm done for nothing. Dirt sticks. You can't do it."

Neither her agitation nor her words produced any effect on Jamison. She changed her argument.

"And, besides, you'll find it ever so much harder to bring the charge up again, when you do find the guilty man."

"It's up to Godfrey," said Jamison, curtly. "Let him persuade Grace not to fight it."

"But he can't," cried Anne. "He can't. He had nothing to do with it. Don't you hear me? He had nothing to do with it."

There's something queer about her, Godfrey thought. This hysterical assurance. Is she acting? This is not Anne.

Jamison had turned and was walking down the corridor. Anne shuddered. Suddenly she fled after Jamison. Godfrey heard their low, panting voices but distinguished no words. There were pauses and then again fragmented, agitated talk.

Godfrey stood stone still. He was not interested in the furtive, excited conver-

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sation. The world was tumbling about him. There is a God, he thought; there is vengeance, there is punishment, I am caught, there is no escape, nowhere to run, what shall I tell Anne? what shall I tell Irene? I will fight it out, brazenly, tell them many stories from the law books about circumstantial evidence, I must see that disgusting idiot Grace, she must tell me who the father of the child is, it is all useless, useless, useless. . . .

After a long, long interval Anne returned, alone. She was pale. Godfrey turned toward her dumbly, but she did not look at him. She said only, "He won't do anything," and walked into the unlighted drawing room. He followed her in a daze. She sank into a chair, and he sat down on the couch opposite her.

"I shall have to tell you," she said. "I can see that."

Mad hope mingled with new terror rose in him. Yes, she would have to tell him. He must know what she knew. He must know why he was safe now. Whatever it was.

"It's terrible," she said, in a low voice. "This thing with Jamison. So irrelevant —"

"Were you afraid to let it go to court?" he asked.

"Yes. I was afraid."

"I see."

"No. Not what you think. I know you aren't the father of that child. It would have come out. You don't understand. You see, you couldn't have been the father of that child. You're sterile."

He heard this as if it had nothing to do with him. It was horrifying, but impersonally so. It was like a thunderbolt which had killed somebody in the next house. He did not move or speak.

"There was no way out," she went on. "I had to tell him before he went to see Dillon. He swore that if Christie verifies what I said he'll keep it secret. He's not a bad person. He will keep it secret."

"Christie?" said Godfrey. "Dr. Christie?"

"You remember, years ago. We went to Christie. I went first. Because I couldn't have a baby. It appeared there was nothing wrong with me. We couldn't be quite certain. And I began to wonder about you. You remember, I persuaded you to get yourself examined. But before you went I begged Christie never to tell you if something was wrong with you. He wouldn't promise at first. I begged him on my knees. You know how he feels about me. He brought me into the world; he really feels toward me as toward his own children." She was reciting rather than talking. "He told me you were sterile. It wasn't the result of a disease. Just accidental, incurable sterility. One case in a million. And he

never did tell you, never would have."

"That's criminal," mumbled Godfrey.

"I know." She slipped from her chair and knelt before him. "I love you, Godfrey. I've wanted everything for you. And Hilda is yours. The man — he never mattered to me. He was here for a short while. He's gone. He'll never come back. He doesn't know about Hilda. She's ours, yours and mine."

"Criminal," he repeated, dully.

"I've been so happy in your happiness. In your fulfillment. I always believed in you and trusted you. And everything was so beautiful, is so beautiful. Everything was as I foresaw it, except" — she went on, bruising herself against his silence — "except for that wretched, meaningless accident, one case in a million. Was I to lose you because of that? We needed a child. You see that now, don't you? You can't think of life without our Hilda, can you?"

He did not answer. With Hilda? Without Hilda? Who? Where?

"We've been so happy with all this."

The phrase took in the apartment, the maids, the nurse, the trials he had conducted, the firms for which he was counsel, the respectful acknowledgment of her family and their friends, the charming little parties, the aura of successfulness which was diffused outward from both of them to circles of acquaintances, of people who knew him only by name. "All this!"

He rose slowly, pushing back the couch and leaving her on her knees. We've been happy, he thought. She's been good to me. She loves me. She has known how to manage. He stood hesitant above the crouching figure. "I'll go out for a walk," he said.

IX

YES, CERTAINLY she had to tell me, he thought, as he walked, bareheaded and submissive, crosstown toward Central Park. Sooner or later I would have insisted on knowing how she made him drop the case. Best to get it over with. And I'm afraid of nothing now. Who would have thought of this!

The dreadful, agonizing relief of his deliverance sank out of sight. One word came back violently. Sterile!

At the back of his mind the appalling riddle of Irene and Wilfred beckoned at him, but the forefront was filled with that one word, demanding his complete attention. It was incredible. Sterile! Not the same thing as barrenness in a woman. Different in kind. She, deep-breasted, attentive, tender, had so much more to give a child than biologic filiation. How much more there was in the phrase to "mother a child" than in

the phrase to "father a child." A woman did not need to conceive and bear in order to be a mother. But, except for the begetting, wherein was a man a father? Except for that one primal act, his only privilege.

I walk with death inside me, he thought. Dead seed. This body, so vigorous and assertive, a simulacrum. End-of-the-world man; no life can come out of me. Counterfeit. Potent but sterile. Gesture and nothing more. A façade, indistinguishable from the real. I am a cut thread, dangling over the void. I am the last of men, without appeal. No device can restore to me my first, most primitive right. The right of the lowliest creature, the bacterium, that divides and continues. Not for me. They say that the man is only the spermatozoon's method of producing another spermatozoon. I, then, am a discard.

He wiped perspiration mechanically from his face.

He remembered now his fatuous indifference, clever and uncomprehending, to the hunger for children in Anne. He had thought her desire commonplace, the last refuge and privilege of mediocrity. A woman's trite ambition: to conceive, to carry in her body, to bring forth a child, as countless billions had done before her. He felt now what she had meant — the assertion of her wholeness. And, if she, who had so much more to experience than the mere bearing, she who had all the subsequent mothering, the feeding at the breast, the care, the tenderness, if she would not forego the right to produce out of her own body, how could he, with nothing else to console him, relinquish the corresponding right?

That last privilege of mediocrity was withheld from him. The most pitiful cripple could assert, exultantly, "I, misshapen, with limbs lopped away, am still the perfect life carrier and life master. The invisible and imperishable part of me remains unprejudiced. By special laws directed against just such a contingency, my rights of immortality have been safeguarded." But he, Godfrey Brace, without sign of sickness or of outward mutilation and imperfection, had been cast forth and outlawed.

Do you understand what that means? he asked himself. You have everything in abundance but that: the instinct of reproduction, the psychic mechanism for the development of pride in fatherhood. But not fatherhood itself. A voiceless pantomime.

From the middle of the park he looked up at three sky lines, south and east and west. Thousands of windows, massed in solid horizontal and perpendicular lines, twinkled at him under

A REASONABLE SUCCESS

the dark sky set with pale stars. Houses, apartments, rooms, peopled by those who could. No contribution from me. If men knew it they would stare at me.

He stopped in his walk to shrink from the convergent gaze of millions. See that man, they whispered. Not a man at all. You know. . . .

The completeness of the forfeiture struck at him suddenly for the first time. One word had made him bankrupt and destitute. Both women: both children. They were not his at all. He was quite alone. And yet a kind of relief, tinged with rage, came over him as he took his inward gaze from the larger, world-wide meaning of his disqualification and focused it on the narrower problem of his own life. Why had Irene done this to him?

So uncalled for!

Weak anger blinded him. She had no right. Anne, yes; but not Irene. Well-meant, worldly lies, ingenious devices, social strategy — that was Anne's province. What had Irene to do with that? Why had she done it? Why? Why?

Did *she* know, too?

He began to walk swiftly in the direction of Irene's apartment. Now and again he lifted both arms, and shook clenched fists. She had had no right to do it, he repeated. With Anne it was different. But Irene was laughing at him. She was laughing at him in everything. The game they were playing.

But how had it been? Did Irene love two men secretly, as he loved two women? Or had that happened between her and some man which had happened

between himself and Grace Jamison?

But she could have hidden the child from me, he cried, as she has hidden it from the rest of the world. I would never have learned to ask her, daily, "How is my son?" Why has she done that?

And did she know?

That mattered most. *Did she know?*

Did she know he was not he but a two-dimensional image of himself? Did she know that he was vacant, unneeded, uncalled for? Did she know?

He walked faster, toward the first telephone booth. Anne he could understand. He rehearsed the distinction over and over again, whipping up his rage. Anne he could understand. She had saved him from the disgrace of public insufficiency. She had given him career, status, fatherhood. Hers was a practical and sensible love; selfish in its nature, but what of that? All the more reliable for just that reason. Her cool determination to make good in the world, her readiness to supply all deficiencies. But Irene! For whom was she making good?

Did she know?

The riddle of her purpose incensed him more than her treachery. He went into a telephone booth and called her.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

"I'll be over soon."

The sound of her voice was like a cooling wind. Wait, it said to him, and he shrank back. Wait. Are you sure of what you are doing? Do you intend to break it up? And afterwards? Where will you go afterwards?

He walked more slowly, letting a deeper wisdom, a finer cunning, spread itself over his anger.

There were many years to come. There was a whole life to live out.

Wait.

She was not laughing at him at all. She did *not* know. There was Hilda. Therefore she could not know. She had never guessed. Good God, who would? If she had known, she would not have done it. She was secure in the thought that he believed himself to be the father of Wilfred. Perhaps she did not even know herself which of the two men —

Wait.

With whom would he pretend away the curse of his sterility?

Ingrate that he was! So handicapped, how much more could he ask of life than he had already received? Had he not made of it, in the teeth of a conspiracy which amounted to a prohibition, a reasonable success? Wherein was he bankrupt and destitute? For the world's approbation had he not Anne? And Irene still remained the mirror of his boundless, untested potentiality, the symbol of the infinite unknown, guessed at, uninvestigated, unapproachable. There was a deeper meaning in it now.

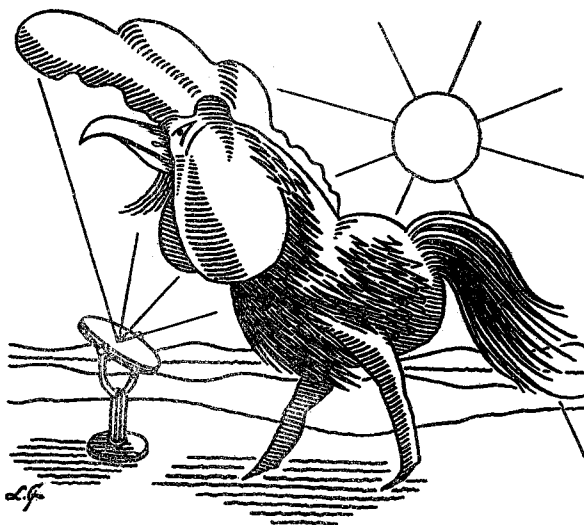
For what barren satisfaction was he about to exchange this?

He rang the bell of the apartment. Irene came to the door, her face flushed with the pleasure of his unexpected visit.

"Darling!" she said.

He kissed her. "How is my son?"

"Marvelous," she answered, smiling.



A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America



THE POETRY MAGAZINES

THE FOLLOWING concludes the rating of some 42 magazines of verse, begun in the June issue. Added to Group Three are:

THE LATIN QUARTERLY. 11 Barrow St.; New York City.

Bohemian. Conscientiously edited. Prose also.

YANKEE POETRY SCRAPBOOK. Quarterly. 145-47 Ash Ave.; Flushing, N. Y. Reflects regional moods; looks for "native singers of indigenous theme."

FOURTH GROUP

SPIRIT. Bimonthly. 386 Fourth Ave.; New York City.

Organ of the Catholic Poetry Society of America.

THE SPINNERS. Bimonthly. 67 St. Marks Pl.; New York City. Women's verse.

CYCLE. Quarterly. Homestead; Fla. First issue promising.

THE GYPSY. Quarterly. Times-Star Bldg.; Cincinnati, O.

Prize contests.

DRIFTWOOD. Monthly. North Montpelier, Vt.

THE PARCHMENT. Monthly. 1,406 Custer St.; Laramie, Wyo.

College verse.

THE PLOWSHARE. Monthly. Woodstock, N. Y.

One-man issues.

FIFTH GROUP

ADAMANT. Quarterly. 1,109 Sheridan Rd.; Waukegan, Ill.

AMERICAN POETRY MAGAZINE. Ten times yearly. 1,764 North 83rd St.; Wauwatosa, Wis.

BETTER VERSE. Five times yearly. 2,169 Selby Ave.; St. Paul, Minn.

BLUE MOON. Quarterly. 3,426 16th St., N. W., Apt. 403; Washington, D. C.

BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE. Bimonthly. Oglethorpe University, Ga.

THE CENTAUR. Quarterly. 1,614 I St., N. W.; Washington, D. C.

THE CONNECTICUT ECHO. Quarterly. Woodmont, Conn.

FANTASY. Quarterly. 930 Heberton Ave.; Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE GYPSY. Quarterly. Times-Star Bldg.; Cincinnati, O.

KALIDOGRAPH. Monthly. 702 North Vernon St.; Dallas, Tex.

THE LANTERN. Bimonthly. 62 Mon-

tague St.; Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA POETRY REVIEW. Bimonthly. Gastonia, N. C.

POETRY WORLD. Monthly. 430 Sixth Ave.; New York City.

SHARDS. Quarterly. Box 2,007; Augusta, Ga.

SILHOUETTES. Quarterly. 303 Rosewood Ct.; Ontario, Calif.

VERSE CRAFT. Bimonthly. Emory University, Ga.

WESTWARD. Quarterly. 545 Sansome St.; San Francisco, Calif.

WILL-O-THE-WISP. Quarterly. Box 145; Driver, Va.

WINGS. Quarterly. 930 Ogden Ave.; New York City.

SIXTH GROUP

THE CIRCLE. Quarterly. 430 West 116th St.; New York City.

EXPRESSION. Quarterly. Ridgewood, N. J.

NEBULAE. Monthly. Imlay City, Mich.

PASQUE PETALS. Monthly. Aberdeen, S. D.

THE POETS FRIEND. Quarterly. Stanberry, Mo.

THE PULITZER PRIZE

AUDREY WURDEMAN has been awarded the Pulitzer Poetry Prize for her first book of verse, *Bright Ambush*. Her silvery sonnet to a Russian wolfhound was published in *THE FORUM* when she was still a student in the University of Washington. Last August we published "Lighthouse," a sequence of three sonnets by Miss Wurdemann, which will no doubt appear in her second volume.

IMPORTANT SPRING VERSE

HERE ARE some of the recent additions to the Editor's library:

MARYORIE BLACK, by John Black (Putnam, \$2.00).

POEMS, by Herbert Read (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50).

MNEMONIC AND OTHER VERSE, by Sarah Trousdale Mallory (Caxton, \$2.00).

THE TRAGEDY OF MAN, by Imre Madach (Macmillan, \$2.50).

FIRST SYMPHONY, by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50).

THE KING OF THE GREAT CLOCK TOWER, by William Butler

Yeats (Macmillan, \$1.50).

NO TRAVELLER RETURNS, by Joseph Auslander (Harper, \$2.50). Joseph Auslander is one of the wisest and most tolerant of living American poets. He is both very old and very young. His mind is an argosy laden with the jewels and the perfumes of antiquity and the Renaissance. The tried, traditional forms of verse serve him well. He needs no bizarre experiments, because he is always contemporary and wield his intricate knowledge with the freshness of youth. He can translate a dawn over spring woods as gaily as though he were the first poet of creation. He can satirize the mighty with an acid pen but he is too tender to destroy the weak. My favorite poem in this book is perhaps the first sonnet to the Sumerian queen. Obviously two women impress the two parts of this volume, one a flaxen Nordic who has gone into the world of light and the other a Mediterranean type whose bird-like beauty is very present and very young.

PITTSBURGH MEMORANDA, by Haniel Long (Writers' Editions, \$2.50). This novel book is really an epic of industrial America. It is written partly in unrhymed, unmeasured, but regularly accented lines and partly in rhapsodic prose. It reads aloud with a swelling symphonic rhythm. In this tolerant saga of the Pittsburgh of soot and steel, of Foster, Frick, Carnegie, and Mellon, a poet reveals his sincere quest for the riddle of our American destiny. We are still pioneers, threading our way through a maze of buildings, machinery, and adding machines, with the flowers still at our doorsteps. Haniel Long prophesies a future of interwoven and generous personalities. This book is a striking new chapter in American poetry. New also is the method of publication — by a co-operative regional group at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

UP FROM THE EARTH, by Sylvia Spencer. A Collection of Garden Poems, 1300 B.C. — A.D. 1935 (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75). This is not the first book of its kind, and only a dogmatic reviewer would say whether it is the best. There is such a thing as being imprisoned in a garden. Garden poems, taken as a whole, are not the most beautiful nor vital poems in our language. Despite omissions, the author has done a service to gardening if not to poetry.

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THE FORUM AND CENTURY

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TOASTS

JAMES RORTY, after a long career as newspaper reporter, editor, and advertising copywriter and account executive, now raises vegetables in the bucolic atmosphere of Easton, Connecticut. When the bucolic air palls on him, he makes an expedition such as that to Louisiana which he describes in this issue.

DOROTHY SABIN BUTLER spent nearly all the 1920's in Paris, where she studied, and performed in, ballet, and was immersed (apparently without grave damage) in the close atmosphere of the post-War artistic world there. She returned to America in 1929, just in time for the Great Unpleasantness, and so far has survived that too.

BERTRAM B. FOWLER, a Canadian-born journalist, formerly with the *Christian Science Monitor*, is now devoting his writing exclusively to peace propaganda and furthering the cause of consumer co-operation.

JAMES W. BENNETT has wandered to a great many strange places, including the East Indies and the more remote sections of China. He is the author of many short stories and several novels.

FRANCES FROST is a native Vermonter and the author of five volumes of poetry. This summer she is working on a novel.

ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING is a product of the Ozarks herself and wants people to know that region as it really is, not as it has usually been written of.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, a frequent contributor to numerous periodicals, is also the author of several books and co-author of *Merchants of Death*, a study of the international traffic in arms.

ROBERT HILLYER, who is an old FORUM contributor, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1934, for his volume of *Collected Verse*.

ALFRED KREYMBORG claims that his favorite hobbies are marriage, chess, and music, but at present he is much absorbed in the production of a series of poetic plays at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, New Hampshire.

DAVID ALLAN ROSS started out as an engineer but drifted into various other disparate activities, including pheasant breeding and novel writing. His connection with modern dancing is purely that of an observer.

HERBERT GERHARD BRUNCKEN is a librarian who has been writing poetry for twenty-five years, during which time, he says, he has passed unscathed through every school of verse from the imagists to the proletarians.

J. B. RHINE will contribute another article on psychic research to the September FORUM.

ANGIE TURNER JEFFREYS was born in Roanoke, Virginia, and graduated from Hollins College. "They Called Her Dawn" is her first published effort.

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Next Month

and later

THE CHURCH WAR IN MEXICO

George A. Moreno

What is the trouble in a country where a howling mob can commit atrocious murder on four members of an inoffensive family to the accompaniment of the murderers' hosannas of "Long live Christ the King!"? Mr. Moreno may be expected to have a distinctive interest in the answer to this question, for he narrowly escaped death himself at the hands of a band of *Cristeros*, members of the militant Church party in Mexico.

DREAM FACTORY

James Rorty

Nobody nowadays has a good word to say for Hollywood, the garish shop which turns out fantasies to make life endurable for the millions of Americans who go to the movies. But James Rorty, although he grants that "phony" is the single descriptive term for the industry, sheds a tear for the wasted talent which languishes in some of its branches.

THE ABORTION RACKET

B. B. Tolna

There is the smell of hypocrisy and corruption about the trade in abortions in this country. In New York City alone there are probably at least 100,000 a year. If we are to have abortions, why have them bootlegged in the foul secrecy of criminal offices? If we are not to have them, who covers up for the illegal practitioners who carry on this flourishing industry? Should we legalize abortion or stamp out its *sub rosa* existence?

THE "SIXTH SENSE"

Gabriel Farrell

It is a well known fact that the blind develop an amazing ability to "sense" the presence about them of inanimate objects as well as other persons. But is this really a "sixth sense" or is it a miraculous increase in the acuteness of the normal means of perception? The author is Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind and has exhaustive data at hand to support his statements.

THE GENTLEMAN IN POLITICS

Anonymous

Do you think these two words preclude so close an association? The author doesn't — necessarily. Of course a gentleman must make a few concessions, but he may also have quite a sporting venture. He will need a strong stomach, a thick skin, and a slow temper. He will also need a good deal of luck. If you are a gentleman and want to go into politics, you will find here a great deal of practical information.

OTHER FEATURES

"Crime and the Federal Government," by Milton S. Mayer; "The Democratic Way to Prosperity," by Bertram B. Fowler; "Psychic Delusions," by J. B. Rhine; "Psychology in Education," by Eleanor R. Wembridge; a debate on military training in American educational institutions; an attack on the myth of Chiang Kai-Shek as a benevolent despot in China, by Yee Wah.

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; \$4.00 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, \$5.00. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, \$1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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Vol. XCIV; No. 2.



THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON



AMERICAN MESSIAHS, by Unofficial Observer (Simon & Schuster, \$2.00). As *The New Dealers* indicated, Unofficial Observer is a canny and well-informed journalist with an ear to the ground for rumblings of political change. In this second book he gives an account of the wild men, the reformers, the cockeyed theorists and self-appointed saviors who have sprung up like weeds in all parts of the country and who indicate, however lunatic some of them may be, that change and unrest are brewing. Here, sprawingly assembled in one volume, are Father Coughlin and the inevitable Huey, Dr. Townsend and Upton Sinclair, Miles Reno, Minnesota's Governor Olson, Senator Wheeler, and the LaFollettes. All the plans, crusades, and programs of men such as these reflect a widespread feeling that abundance exists in America and that somehow an economic scheme must be devised to distribute that abundance adequately. The author's own position, one gathers, is somewhat to the left of the New Deal. He thinks, however, wholly in terms of politics, and, though individual portraits are keen and penetrating, he has no such long-range view as Raymond Graham Swing presented in that somewhat similar book, *Forerunners of American Fascism*. Much of what he says has been invalidated, moreover, by the recent collapse of the NRA. With these reservations, plus his regrettable tendency to overdo the wisecrack, Unofficial Observer has written a shrewd, entertaining, and very provocative book which covers practically the whole field of minority movements — communism excepted — embraces a host of picturesque personalities, and gives a good picture of the seething subsurface agitation which has swept the country since the depression.

FOREVER WANDERING, by Ethel Mannin (Dutton, \$3.50). To write a successful travel notebook one must have vigor, a flavorsome personality, and a knack for seeing more deeply than the ordinary routine tourist. All these assets Miss Mannin, the British novelist, possesses. Her book is a formless helter-skelter of notes, sketches, and vignettes, but in an odd way it is unified by Miss Mannin's fresh and entertaining point of view. With equal zest she recounts her experience of Socialist Vienna, her adventures in the Montmartre "flea market," her wanderings in the byways of Ireland and under the shadow of the Jungfrau. Miss Mannin, it should be said, is an ardent member of the Independent Labour Party, and

her social convictions are always a permanent part of her baggage. Thus she was ill at ease in Nazi Germany, exasperated but profoundly moved in Soviet Russia, acutely interested in the Stavisky riots. Never, however, does her humor desert her, and some of the most engaging chapters in the book are her malicious skits of a dog show, a literary prize giving, and of what it feels like to be filmed. *Forever Wandering* is opinionated and sometimes provoking, but it is infinitely more lively and more interesting than the conventional travel book.

DEEP DARK RIVER, by Robert Rylee (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50). Out of a strong if rueful love of Mississippi, Mr. Rylee has written this moving story of Southern justice which emphasizes the moral degradation characteristic of the whites of the delta region. Mose Southwick, a serene, sweet-natured, and unusually intelligent negro, comes to Clarks-ville, Mississippi, to work on a cotton plantation. The plantation manager, a degenerate white who has cast covetous eyes on Mose's woman, frames him for murder, and immediately Mose is confronted with the bitter forces of racial prejudice. A woman lawyer of liberal sympathies undertakes his defense, but she can do nothing against a fixed jury, bribed witnesses, and the hostility of the white community. Mose is sent to the state prison farm, where he continues his amateur preaching and adjusts himself to his fate with a poise and nobility which the whites could well emulate. In his crusading moments Mr. Rylee is less successful than in his tender portrait of Mose, but, though the latter is perhaps too saintlike for the purposes of his story, *Deep Dark River* is, on the whole, a finely written and dramatic first novel.

THE PEOPLE'S KING, by John Buchan (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75). This, Mr. Buchan's contribution to the Jubilee program, is a remarkably succinct account of the past quarter century in England. It is not, as the title might indicate, a biography of George V, though Mr. Buchan pays handsome tribute to the institution of kingship, British model, and speaks even more highly of the character of the present monarch. Always a smooth and brilliant writer, Mr. Buchan gives an excellent thumbnail survey of the restless years before the war, of Armageddon itself, and of the "sour-apple harvest" which followed. As may be natural in one who has written a four-volume history of

the great war, he gives a disproportionate amount of space to battles and campaigns, but, allowing for a slight tendency toward jingoism and British smugness, his book is on the whole fair-minded, perceptive, and extremely readable. Mr. Buchan's viewpoint is that of the intelligent conservative, and, though he may be a trifle optimistic about England's future, he is not blind to the errors of the past.

REDDER THAN THE ROSE, by Robert Forsythe (Covici, Friede, \$2.00). There is a widely held opinion, which Mr. Mencken has done much to promote, that left-wing writers are sour, dreary, humorless fellows with a puritanic contempt for lightness and wit. In refutation one may offer Mr. Robert Forsythe, commentator and columnist for the *New Masses* and a satiric jester with few equals in the bourgeois ranks. This little book, a compilation of stray pieces on movies, sports, politics, high society, and assorted aspects of the American scene, should explode for all time the myth of the humorless communist. Mr. Forsythe is in deadly earnest, to be sure, but he is also extremely funny at the expense of our fatuous times. Read him on the Vanderbilts, on English movies, on Mr. Hearst or Mr. Mencken or Mae West; dip, in fact, anywhere into his book and then say that the radicals have not produced a satirist of wicked and exceptional powers. The Bourbons and Babbitts will naturally disapprove of Mr. Forsythe, but unless their sense of humor has atrophied they will also be reluctantly entertained.

CAT ACROSS THE PATH, by Ruth Feiner (Lippincott, \$2.50). Anyone who is surfeited with tales of Nazi outrages will find this novel of modern Germany comfortably free from political implications. Blending melodrama and irony in rather curious proportions, Miss Feiner has told the story of two young musicians whose lives are tragically entangled with the same beautiful girl. Johnny, the fortunate and charming, becomes the leader of a famous jazz orchestra; Alexander, drab and ill-starred from birth, earns a precarious livelihood playing the piano in dingy cafés. Miss Feiner contrasts the destinies of these two very neatly and gives an excellent picture of Germany's amusement world, but her novel is too schematized to tug very powerfully at one's emotions.

CHAOS IN MEXICO, by Charles S. Macfarland (Harper, \$2.00). A fair and judicious investigator, Dr. Macfarland

The Book Parade

analyzes in this concise little book the conflict between Church and state which is torn Mexico asunder. Leaders of the Roman Catholic Church and of the social-revolutionary government are allowed to present their cases in their own words, and in their statements Dr. Macfarland has added his own observations, based on a careful study of the evidence. Though religious persecution does indeed exist, Dr. Macfarland frankly admits that the record of the Church is far from stainless. Both sides are unjust to each other — and the only hope for Mexico is that somehow they may learn to reconcile their differences. Dr. Macfarland's book, which includes a lucid summary of the political situation and an account of the trends towards Fascism and communism, is astonishingly free of the bias which one would expect of a minister. It is a very useful study of a very difficult problem.

THE CITIZEN AND HIS GOVERNMENT, by Alfred E. Smith (Harper, \$2.50). In this solid and sensible, if not very searching, book, ex-Governor Smith reaffirms his passionate belief in efficient government and explains to the taxpayer just what he has a right to expect. Beginning with a tribute to the local political club, he traces the steps by which a young man may rise to power, describes the mechanism of government in New York City and New York State, and indicates what reforms are still needed if the citizen is to get full value from his tax dollar. The book is enlivened by some salty references to the Prohibition debacle and by a recapitulation of Mr. Smith's campaign for the Presidency, but on the whole it is altogether a tamer affair than one might reasonably have anticipated. This is largely due to the fact that Mr. Smith has neatly avoided controversial issues and that he has nothing whatever to say about the spoils system, big business, new social theories, or any of the urgent problems which have developed since 1928. As far as he goes he is lucid and forthright, but one cannot help feeling that he has not gone very far.

ONLY THE FEAR, by Lenore G. Marshall (Macmillan, \$2.00). A sophisticated Connecticut colony, chiefly composed of writers and artists, is the setting for this deft, subtle study of tortuous emotion. Outwardly poised and sensible, Gabrielle Kirk had for years been a victim of romantic infantilism. She lived in a world of fantasy — which her reason despised — and when confronted with the harsh fact of her husband's infidelity she was unable to make an adjustment to the actual world. Loving her husband all the time, knowing that their relationship has not really been shattered, she retreats further and further into a dark world of fear that

borders on madness and tries to re-establish her integrity of spirit through an intrigue with another and quite unworthy man. Miss Marshall probes delicately into devious emotional realms, and, though her novel seems at times a little strained and tenuous, it is for the most part psychologically exciting, fresh, and true.

TOOLS OF TOMORROW, by Jonathan Norton Leonard (Viking, \$3.00). Although economic conditions, politics, customs, and fashion may retard the practical application of technical discoveries, scientists and inventors are constantly developing new processes and machines which will make life easier, less laborious, and more secure. In *Tools of Tomorrow* Mr. Leonard has succeeded brilliantly in showing how some of these new processes and machines work and why we shall have to wait until we are considerably more civilized than we are now before we can benefit from them.

THE FIRST BUS OUT, by Eugene Lohrke (Appleton-Century, \$2.00). Vaguely akin to *Outward Bound*, though more subtle in its implications, this story of the last, eerie journey of a group of unsuspecting travelers is ingenious and oddly fascinating.

The various passengers who take the "first bus out" from the station one wet, foggy dawn believe themselves to be bound for all manner of destinations in Europe and America. Only gradually do they learn that the bus lacks a driver; only by fragmentary intimations do they absorb the truth. In the process, their past lives and secret ambitions are revealed to the reader — who is allowed to draw his own conclusions and the moral, if any. Mr. Lohrke's prose is suave and musical, and this excursion into fantasy is an almost unqualified success.

LEADERS, DREAMERS, AND REBELS, by René Fülöp-Miller (Viking, \$5.00). "An account of the great mass movements of history and the wish-dreams that have inspired them," reads the subtitle of Herr Fülöp-Miller's contribution to "outline" literature. Skillfully condensed and simplified versions of religious, social, and political struggles and the philosophical and economic theories that inspired them have been fitted into a neat pattern to prove that "historical happenings are rooted in dreams no less than in the material and the ideal." Neat as the pattern is, however, it doesn't always cover the facts.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

The Right to Love and Be Loved — Six Laws of Sex — When Sex Does a Tallsip — New Morals for Old — Sexual Frigidity — The "Dangerous" Age — "Nerves" — Sex vs. Saintliness — To Love or Not to Love? — Substitutes for Sex — What's Your Sexual Age? — Your Body: Asset or Liability? — Beauty and Sex Appeal — Sexual Loneliness — The "Also-Ran" Woman — Romance: Before and After — Emotional Shipwrecks — Making the Most of Your Body — Body, Soul, and the Menopause — Love Outlives the Change of Life — And You Can Remain Beautiful — The Cultivation of "Plus Gestures" — Three Magicians — Color, Clothes, and Perfume — The Do's and Don'ts of Diet — Outwitting Stodginess — "Nerves" — Your Family: Friend or Enemy? — The Middle-Aged Wife vs. In-Laws, Inc. — The Errant Husband — Safe and Sane Divorce — Dangerous Old Women — Keeping Peace in the Family — The Myth of Woman's Inferiority — The "Masculine" Protest in Woman — Marriage or a Career? — Careers for Wives — Women at Play — Hobbies for Women — Why Be a Neurotic? — Spiritual Security — The Importance of Being Irrational — Growing Up vs. Growing Old — Love After Noon — Finding Your Niche After Forty — Taking Your Personality Inventory — Pitfalls and Safeguards — Live Dangerously!



The Right to Love and Be Loved

BY W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D., PSYCHIATRIST

Director, The Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic, New York

An Intimate Book About Women
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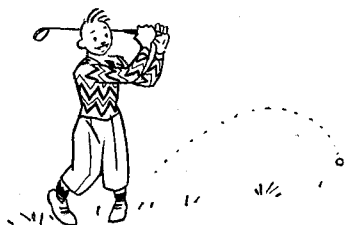
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Our Rostrum

COLLEGE STORY CONTEST

The Editor is pleased to announce the
award of the following prizes in THE
FORUM's college short-story contest for
1934-35:

First prize, \$50, to Virginia Heide, of
the New Jersey College for Women, at New
Brunswick.

Second prize, \$30, to Leonore Fliege, of
Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Third prize, \$20, to Nathalie J. Gold-
stein, of Larson Junior College, New
Haven, Connecticut.

LET'S HOPE IT'S CANDID

To the Editor:

You asked for it; now you shall have it.
What? My "candid comment" on THE
FORUM. Now watch me burst into rhap-
sodical rhyme on one of my favorite
magazines:

THE FORUM? I like it! From Kiver to
Kiver —

It is "broad," it is deep, like a strong,
mighty river.

Not flabby, nor flaccid, yet soundly
impartial,

Pungent, decisive, but not at all mar-
tial.

Of topics discussed there is ample
variety,

Thus sparing the reader a "theme-
song" satiety.

In tone controversial, yet somehow
THE FORUM

At no time transgresses the bounds of
decorum.

Contributing authors are widely re-
spected,

And articles printed are wisely selected.
Some are on politics, or on education,

While others pertain to the state of the
nation.

Attention is duly paid to the Short
Story,

While "proper respects" are given the
Tory.

In short

THE FORUM is forceful, dynamic, direct,
Yet no more than what one would
rightly expect

From a magazine which is so skillfully
"fathered"

By an eminent editor, like Leach (Henry
Goddard).

J. JONATHAN STEEN, M.A.

Director

Chicago School for Adults
Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN ART

To the Editor:

Mr. [Ralph M.] Pearson's article ["Im-
potent America," July FORUM] makes so
important a point in its demand for the
creative in American art that I should be
obliged to go over the whole length of it,
did I try to point out its completeness and
logic.

So I will take an element or two which
by exception, I do not agree with —
only to show how few they are. . . .

As related to intellectualism, the "ex-
cessive emotional abandon" which the
author predicates as a cure ought, in my
opinion to be offered only as an offset to
another ill — it being one in itself un-
taken merely to balance the opposite
defect.

More serious is my objection to the
passage on the museum. Every one of us
should help in the enormous effort needed
to keep it free from bad works and to en-
courage the adding of good ones. But I
say that it is not a valuable gift to the
living, creative minds that produce art is to
ignore the role that the older masters
(from the Renaissance to the present day)
have played in the directing of new talent.
It is also to ignore the need of the layman.
. . . For, different as the new approach
is, as the world changes in externals, there
are some underlying principles which con-
stantly reappear — and which we recog-
nize if we have grown to know them pre-
viously. I know no other way to be sure of
the distinction between good and bad
work.

WALTER PACH

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Mr. Pearson is evidently fearful that
despite his contrary wish the modern
movement may be an "insanity or passion
fad." . . .

If the object is good and fulfills its re-
quirements, both artistic and utilitarian,
it may last a few centuries and . . . be
come . . . recognized as a standard of
arts and craftsmanship — a guide to the
future generations in the study of similar
problems. This form of study, I realize, is
anathema to the modernist, who assures
us he can create without reference to any
thing that has gone before. . . .

HENRY F. BULTITUDE

New York, N. Y.

CRAZY PEOPLE

To the Editor:

As a writer who employs an agent, I
found your anonymous literary agent's
article, "The Truly Forgotten Man"
[July FORUM], indicting authors in gen-
eral, a somewhat embarrassing glance into
the mirror. But at the same time I have
little sympathy for the agonies described
as suffered by the agent at the hands of
his client. . . . 1. I see no reason why
authors alone should be picked out as hor-
rible examples of jealousy and caustic
commentators on their contemporaries.
Those in other fields, dentists, doctors, ar-
tists, athletes, actors, and various busi-
ness people do exactly the same things.
. . . 2. You have to be a little crazy to be
an author. . . . Give me a little madness

Our Rostrum

any time in preference to the dullness of being a gentleman. . . .

THEODORE PRATT

New York, N. Y.

to the Editor:

Some twenty years' intimate acquaintance as teacher and literary agent with writers of all grades and abilities has made me an anonymous article, "The Truly Forgotten Man," of special interest to me, if only to inspire me to disagree with much of it. . . .

I can believe your agent's stories about the vanity, childishness, and greed of his writers but yet without accepting his picture of either writers or literary agents. . . . It is part of an agent's job to understand and tolerate the occasional bulging ego of his writers. . . .

Writers, certainly, are egoistic. What of it? So are all artists. The sharpest instance from another art is said to have occurred in London as one of the adventures of a troupe of eight American vaudeville performers. . . . The manager of the theater said he'd try them out at the beginning of his program but that they'd have to confine their act to eight minutes. "Eight minutes!" exclaimed the troupe's leader. Why, good God, we bow eight minutes!" . . .

THOMAS H. UZZELL

New York, N. Y.

STERILIZATION

to the Editor:

It would be difficult to state the case for or against sterilization better than Dr. Paul Popenoe and Father [John A.] Ryan have done in the July issue of THE FORUM. But . . . Dr. Popenoe's position is based upon the accumulation of facts, while, in the last analysis, Father Ryan's position is founded upon the accumulation of metaphysical dogmas. . . .

It appears that there is a serious problem of divided allegiance for the Catholic citizen who is also an American citizen. Sterilization is the law in many of our states, yet the Catholic official is bound by the laws of the Papal State at Rome not to enforce these laws.

Were this problem confined to sterilization it would be of less concern to the American people, but Father Ryan has laid down the Papal law in a similar manner concerning birth control and other subjects. In answer to the following question from Representative Ashbrook at a House of Representatives hearing this year: "You think it [contraception] would not be justified or warranted even to save the life of a mother?" Father Ryan replied with an unqualified "No."

GUY IRVING BURCH
Director

Population Reference Bureau
New York, N. Y.

Book Clubs!

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THE NEW REPUBLIC has for distribution reprints of the Questionnaire on Social Objectives recently answered by 100 leaders of progressive opinion. (The answers were tabulated in The New Republic of April 17.)

What is your own attitude on specific questions of social advance? Do you favor reform of capitalism? Socialism achieved by gradual means? By force? What specific proposals will you openly endorse and support?

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